50 Miniature Washingtons: The Flaw in 'New Federalism'

Why Mothers Should Stay Home

The Washington Monthly

JANUARY 1982/$2

THE BEST AND THE WORST of the U.S. Senate

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THOMAS CARTER
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Letters

All-Girl Band

By all means let's blame the women's movement for the rate of unemployment ["Tilting at Windmills," November]. If it weren't for all those outrageously overpaid clerk-typists, nurses, and waitresses, we wouldn't have to worry about inflation, either. And God knows it is the women who, having messed up as union leaders, finally destroyed our corporate advantage when they took control of the Fortune 500 boardrooms. Now that they've overwhelmingly elected Ronald Reagan and his all-girl band of fiscal reprobates, it seems there's nothing a poor, powerless man can do but write asinine columns for journals of social responsibility.

SANDRA PIERCE STRYKER
St. Paul, Minnesota

I have been thinking about your glib commentary on the Carol Humphreys rape case ["Tilting at Windmills," October], in which you cavalierly suggest that the world would be a better place if the objects of adolescent male fantasy succumbed to their admirers' desires. Perhaps the fact that you spent so much of your youth "in heat" causes you to view the role of women as one of service to randy youth. Your remarks to this effect were degrading, insulting, and totally unwarranted. Your readers, many of whom are, no doubt, those objects of fantasy, deserve an apology.

CATHERINE W. CHMURA
Schenectady, New York

See "Tilting at Windmills" for the editor's reply.

Risky Business

The stupidity of your article on money market funds was overwhelming ["How Eight Million People Learned to Stop Worrying and Love High Interest Rates," by Gregg Easterbrook, November]. Your friends in the "risky new enterprises" apparently never told you that long-term debt has never been available to these businesses. Risk is simply a measure of expected return. The greater the expected return, the greater the risk. If a "risk-free" rate of return is 15 percent in government bonds, for example, a risky venture is one that expects to return to investors more than 15 percent. Otherwise you'd be a fool to invest in the enterprise.

The fact that high interest rates hurt the existing small business is an argument for shorter-term borrowing and lending, not longer-term. The small business that's been around a while has the greatest stake in keeping its borrowing short when rates are high so it can get out of those rates quickly when rates drop. It's the volatility of rates that hurts the small business much more than the level of rates at any given moment. With more than 40 changes in the prime rate last year, up and down, borrowing short-term was critical.

BILL BARNHART
Evanston, Illinois

Lay-away Decay

A couple of erroneous generalizations in Howie Kurtz's otherwise fine piece on housing discrimination in the Washington area ["The Story That Wouldn't Die," November]: Mr. Kurtz describes the Maryland communities of Hyattsville, Chillum, Adelphi, and Lanham as "decaying, largely black areas." Having grown up in and covered those areas as a reporter for suburban newspapers, I can say with some authority they are neither decaying nor largely black. True, the black population of those communities has increased dramatically during the past decade, but with the possible exception of Chillum they are still largely white. The decay Mr. Kurtz writes of is there but is occurring chiefly in Prince George's County's abundant garden apartment complexes. While the lily-white face of single-family-home neighborhoods has changed, their basic character has not. They remain well-kept and middle class.

JOSEPH RAEDER
Ellicott City, Maryland

The Washington Monthly

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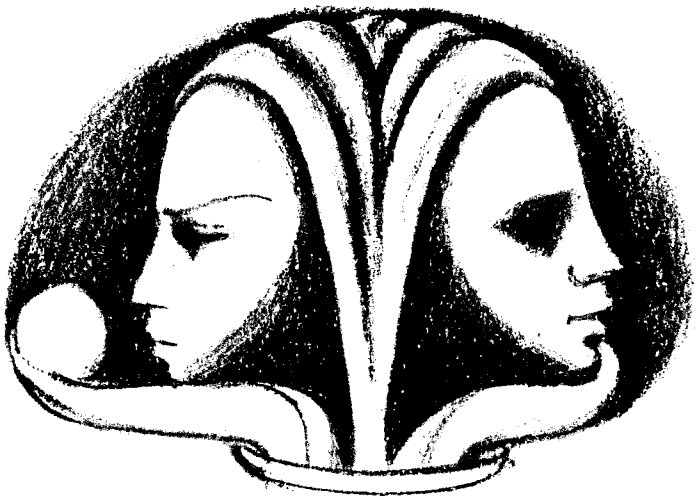

Planned Parenthood Review *is the quarterly magazine of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc. Each issue focuses on a public policy issue related to reproductive rights and individual freedom. Following are excerpts from the Fall issue of the* **Review** *(Vol. 1, No. 3), on religion and abortion choice which features articles by theologians from America's major religions.*

"We must accept the legitimacy of separation of church and state. Today, we are battling those who are blind to these truths, those who would replace religious tolerance and individual freedom with intolerance and tyranny."
Faye Wattleton
President, Planned Parenthood Federation of America

"We are not morally obligated to protect potentialities (the contention that the pre-viable fetus is a potential person) in any way as we are to protect actualities. If this were true, we would have to give serious thought to the coercive protection of ova and spermatozoa and making every potential parent a procreative ward of the state."
The Right Rev. Walter D. Dennis
Suffragan Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York

"Few of us try very hard to reduce starvation that exists in much of the world or to eliminate the debasing conditions that dehumanize and blight countless lives in urban ghettos of America. Is not fanatical eagerness to protect fetuses grossly disproportionate to the relative complacency toward things that kill the quality of life for small children, to say nothing of the threat of nuclear death hanging over us all?"
The Right Rev. George Barrett
Former Episcopal Bishop, Rochester, New York

Art work by Ann Grifalconi.

"It is precisely because the abortion issue is so emotionally charged, so shaded by religious conviction, that the decision over whether or not to have an abortion ought to remain the private domain of each individual. To have the state make that decision according to any particular religious view (or anti-religious view) is to seriously tamper with what each of us might believe God wants in this area. Only 'we' know what God wants and each 'we' knows something different."
Rabbi Balfour Brickner
Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, New York City

"How can you be a Catholic and support abortion rights? My answer to that is, 'It's not easy, but it's necessary.' In reality, the moral choice is not whether abortion is to be legal or illegal, but whether Christians are to be compassionate or vindictive as regards the unintentionally pregnant woman."
Miriam Wolcott
Former Catholic Chaplain, Brown University

"Theologically testing the fundamentalists' anti-abortion posture finds it lacking a biblical basis. The very Bible to which they claim such devotion refutes their position at every significant point."
Paul D. Simmons
Associate Professor of Christian Ethics Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.

☐ Please send me one copy of **Planned Parenthood Review** "Religion and Abortion Choice" issue (Vol. 1, No. 3, Fall 1981). Enclosed is a check for $2.00.
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Tilting at Windmills

Recently Jack Anderson reported in shocked tones that General David C. Jones, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, had given misleading testimony to a congressional committee. The truth is that executive branch witnesses repeatedly mislead the Congress—consider David Stockman if you need another example. These continuing deceptions are among the primary reasons for the tremendous growth in congressional staffs in recent years. The more Congress suspects it is lied to—and its suspicions grew mightily during the Vietnam and Watergate years—the more it feels a need to have its own staff to check things out, to uncover the real facts it needs to know.

I have a simple solution to the problem: require all executive branch testimony to be under oath. Because almost no testimony is now under oath, the testifying bureaucrat is tempted to gild lilies and otherwise distort the truth in his agency's behalf because he knows all the fellows back at the agency are counting on him to do everything necessary to preserve and protect their budget and their jobs. He knows they will surely indulge whatever lapses from veracity occur in the pursuit of such an unquestionably worthy cause. But if the bureaucrat is aware that these lapses just might result in a perjury rap, he is much more likely to do what is his clear duty—tell Congress the truth.

Now is a good time to start requiring sworn testimony, since Congress is finally acting to control the size of its committee staffs and more than ever needs other ways of getting accurate information from the executive branch.

Committee staffs have increased 150 percent just since 1970. The House now will hold the line at current levels, and the Senate is actually cutting its committee personnel budget ten percent. Whatever the wisdom of this move for the Republic, it is sure to be welcomed by the people who work on the staffs of individual representatives and senators. Laboring directly under the noses of their bosses, many of them are compelled to work truly horrendous hours. They find it hard not to envy the less-supervised lot of their brethren on the committee staffs, who, however worthy they may be in both person and function, are suspected of lingering over lunch and leaving before rush hour. . . .

If you ever doubted the wisdom of Oscar Wilde's "Art doesn't imitate life; life imitates art," I call your attention to this story from *The Dallas Morning News* of December 2: "Testimony began Monday in the trial of a 62-year-old Dallas woman charged with murder in the shooting death of her wealthy husband last year—during the 'Who Shot J.R.?' episode of the popular television series 'Dallas.'". . .

I had been looking forward to my next trip to New York until I happened to see these two stories in the same edition of *The New York Daily News*. One, headlined "Cabbies took 'em for a ride," began:

"City investigators, posing as everything from cowboys to African diplomats, rode randomly selected medallion cabs from airports, bus terminals, and major hotels and found that nearly two-thirds of the cabbies ripped off their passengers. 'There is a greater inclination to take advantage of the kind of people

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who frequent these areas because they are unsophisticated and far more vulnerable than the average New Yorker,' City Investigation Commissioner Stanley Lupkin said yesterday. Lupkin said 42 of the 67 cabbies monitored in the recent Operation Fare Game tried to fleece the undercover investigators."

The other, headlined "Crime pays for bystanders," began: "No one would help the middle-aged secretary yesterday as she ran through the streets of Brooklyn pleading for someone to stop a knife-wielding thief who had just assaulted her two elderly bosses and stolen the firm's $5,200 payroll. Her cries for help were ignored until the robber began to scatter the loot as cops closed in on him. Suddenly the street was filled with about 100 helpers—all helping themselves to the scattered greenbacks."...

The Pentagon, as we all know, has great difficulty designing guns and tanks and planes that work. Now we learn it can't even produce a decent pair of shoes. The army began to plan a new boot in 1970. After 11 years of development, testers at the Aberdeen Proving Ground and at Fort Benning have found the boots become water-soaked and take hours to dry, have soles that wear out too quickly and rubber cleats that become clogged with mud....

As one who always looks to academia for moral leadership, I am happy to report that the University of Pennsylvania has established the Joseph Kolodny Professorship of Social Responsibility in Business. It is funded by a grant from the National Association of Tobacco Distributors. The New School for Social Research in New York is doing its part by engaging Steve Rubell as a lecturer. Rubell, the former owner of Studio 54, not long ago was found guilty of tax evasion....

Ronald Reagan told Barbara Walters that his greatest disappointment as president has been the inability to control the leaks that "just seem to be constantly coming no matter what efforts you make." This was the same concern that prompted Richard Nixon to hire "the Plumbers," which was his first step along the road to impeachment. In a country with a free press, it is folly for presidents to worry about leaks—except on the rare occasions when they truly compromise national security....

The federal government is now the world's largest credit institution. It is owed $175 billion, more than half of it by students, farmers, businessmen, and others who have borrowed from the hundreds of government loan programs. In fiscal year 1979 alone, according to Senator Charles Percy, who has introduced a bill designed to improve the government's debt collection procedures, over $25 billion that was due to be repaid was not collected. Percy asks:

"What can we say to the straight-A student at the University of Illinois who is losing his student loan? Why should he sacrifice while those who are delinquent in paying back old student loans, an astonishing 81 percent of the borrowers, are not?

"What can we tell the CETA worker in East St. Louis who is losing her job? Should she lose her paychecks while almost 80,000 federal employees who have defaulted on government debts cannot have even one cent of their paychecks set aside to recover the unpaid debt? I should add that some of these defaulting federal workers make nearly $50,000 per year....

"Let me mention one other consequence of allowing so many debtors, many of them young Americans, to ignore their obligation to repay their government. How can we expect them to respect their government? What kind of example are we setting for them?"...

After all the Reagan talk about cutting back federal employment, how many people have actually been fired? As of December 1, the figure was 5,300. And what about Reagan's crusade against bureaucracy? Here is how the Office of Personnel Management is being reorganized, according to the office's official publication:

"The five major groups will be headed by Associate Directors, with Assistant Directors for all major subunit components reporting to Associate Directors (except for the Deputy Associate Director of Compensation). Independent office heads who report to the Director will also be Assistant Directors.

"The next levels of management will be standardized in the order of division chief, branch chief, section chief, and unit chief."

In case you haven't guessed the main reason behind this organizational system, it is to give as many bureaucrats as possible titles with the word director or chief in them, which in turn means the maximum number of bureaucrats with salaries above $50,000 a year. This may seem relatively harmless in just one agency, but consider that this is the agency that sets personnel management policies for the entire federal government....

At the recent conference of the American League of Lobbyists, Lucien Nedzi, who retired last fall after 20 years as a representative from Michigan, told this tale about Pentagon lobbying:

"I was on the House Armed Services Committee, and 'courtesy calls' by military personnel were pretty common. The army once offered to make me a major in the army reserve. I was 36 at the time, and their rationale was that major was the rank an active officer should achieve by 36. I declined. A colleague of mine 20 years older accepted a commission as a full colonel in the air force reserve, even though he had no military experience. His record on support of armed services expenditures was a little better than mine."...

On several separate occasions, both to the police and on television, Barry Braeseke confessed that he had murdered his parents. Yet, because his first

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confession was improperly obtained, an appeals court ordered his release. Mark Rogers was caught carrying 65 pounds of marijuana—an amount even those of us who sympathize would have to concede is a bit in excess of reasonable personal use requirements—through Miami International Airport. An appeals court ordered him released anyway, since he had been stopped, not because the police knew he possessed dope but because his behavior conformed to a psychological profile of a drug courier. These are the kinds of stories that make people contemptuous of our legal system. Why ever let the clearly guilty off? Errors in procedures should never excuse the guilty—only help free the innocent or those whose guilt is not beyond reasonable doubt.

Another reason for cynicism about criminal justice is the widespread suspicion that if you can afford an attorney who is smart enough you can beat any rap. Take Barry Ivan Slotnick, a 42-year-old New York City lawyer whose clients include Mafia dons and who has not lost a case since Thanksgiving eve 1972.

"In a win a few years ago that he will never forget," reports *The American Lawyer,* Slotnick defended a client who was accused of having accepted $100,000 from members of a podiatry association in exchange for his promise to reach public officials with the money and kill a regulatory bill that was in the works. The FBI had three months of taped phone conversations backing up the charge, and the bill was indeed killed. But Slotnick argued to the jury that his client was guilty not of bribery but of grand larceny, since he'd kept the $100,000 for himself. A jury acquitted him on the bribery charge, and when the prosecutors tried to retry him for grand larceny, Slotnick got him off on double jeopardy.

"'You should call it the perfect crime,' says Slotnick. 'Get the money, and get acquitted.'"...

A few months ago we noted that the tax-deductible 1981 Fall Faculty Workshops of the University of Michigan's Institute of Continuing Legal Education just happened to be held in the mornings of the six Saturdays on which Michigan played home football games in the afternoons. Now I learn that Nebraska Continuing Legal Education is planning its own deductible seminar in Hawaii in December 1982. The session just happens to coincide with the Nebraska-Hawaii game and is offered as part of a seven-day "Polynesian Delights" tour....

Lyn Nofziger recently told a private group—and only he knows if he was jesting—that he saw Nixon just after Reagan was shot and Nixon cautioned him not to let Reagan make any major decisions during his convalescence. Nofziger asked why. Nixon replied, "It was when I had pneumonia that I decided not to burn the tapes."...

Did you have the impression that the Hatch Act prohibits political activity by civil servants? So did I until I saw the following story in the December 9 issue of *The Washington Post:*

Senior Executives Lobbying for Raise

"Many senior U.S. executives will be on leave on Capitol Hill today lobbying for language that would give many of the $50,000-per-year careerists their first pay raise in three years."

Of course we should have known that the civil servants who write the regulations interpreting the Hatch Act have made sure the law will not hamper their pursuit of their own vital interests....

You may recall the case of Robert E. Lee, an employee of the Montgomery County, Maryland, Department of Environmental Protection. Having heard that employees with Hispanic surnames were entitled to preferential promotion, he had his name changed legally two years ago to Roberto Eduardo Leon. Recently *The New York Times* decided to check on Senor Leon's progress in the Montgomery County bureaucracy. Back came the answer: No, he had not received preferential treatment; he had gotten the same raises as other similar employees in his division.

What struck us at *The Monthly* was that those raises took Senor Leon from $27,867 in 1979 to $36,727 in 1981. It is the kind of salary (and pension) increase that is exhausting the resources of local governments throughout the country....

As Gregg Easterbrook points out in his article beginning on page 11, the potholes that are rattling your teeth and wrecking your car go unfilled because the money is devoted to salary increases. When my car failed to pass District of Columbia inspection last month because of a steering and wheel alignment problem, the attendant said it was caused by potholes, which, he added, is now the most common reason cars fail to pass inspection.

What is the District doing with the money that isn't being used to fill potholes? You guessed it. Salary increases again. Over the next three years, the D.C. police, for example, will receive a 50 percent increase....

Have you heard about the arrest of Harry the Hawk? Harry is not a character out of Damon Runyon but a real live hawk who was seized by New York State conservation officers just a few hours before he was to appear in a New York City Opera production of *Der Freischutz.* Harry's trainer was not charged with mistreating the bird but with "illegally keeping" him. The state says the bird should be retrained by a "licensed rehabilitator" and then set free in the wild. Harry's owner, an internationally known expert on birds of prey, told *The New York Times* that the state's plan to send Harry back into the wild would be "the equivalent of killing him. Harry is a tame bird used to humans and has never hunted for himself."

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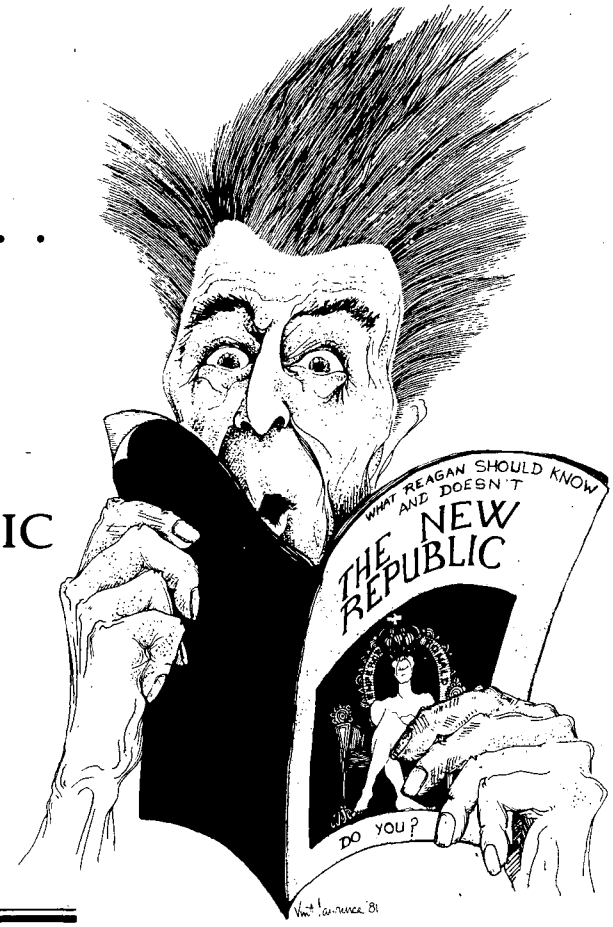
What Reagan Should Know . . . But Doesn't

Find Out In THE NEW REPUBLIC



Now that practically everyone's cheering Reagan and the New Right, it's time for someone to tell you when they're dead wrong.

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Actually the federal government seems to have been acting in collusion with the state in Harry's case—and that gets us to our point. The bureaucratic problem now infects all levels of government in this country. And rather than put our faith in the state and local levels as the conservatives would have us do—or in the federal as the liberals advocate—we need to focus our energies on restoring accountability and dedication to the public interest to all levels. . . .

In John Ehrlichman's book, *Witness to Power,* to be published in April by Simon & Schuster, there is considerable defensiveness abut the author's involvement in Watergate, but there are also some intriguing news and interesting observations about government.

The news items include the one about Warren Burger acting as White House spy inside the Supreme Court and the story that Henry Kissinger, when asked by Ehrlichman how long the South Vietnamese could survive under the peace agreement negotiated by Kissinger, replied, "I think that if they're lucky they can hold out for a year and a half."

But more significant than the news are Ehrlichman's observations about the way Washington worked when he was here, many of which continue to be true today.

One example:

"Professional Washington lobbyists who go to work for a President can't afford to offend congressmen. Once the President leaves office the lobbyist must return to representing a private clientele, and his effectiveness will depend on his good, continuing relationship with the members. As Clark MacGregor did, the White House lobbyist rationalizes this potential conflict. It is good for the President to have an aide who gets along with every member, he argues. If the President instructs his aide to get tough with a member, the aide disregards the instruction because, of course, he best serves the President by doing so. And incidentally, when one leaves the President and the White House, one can go to work for the corporations. Great are the rewards of good congressional relations.

"At the same time, every President needs some staff people who do not intend to make Washington their life careers. He needs people immune from such considerations of self-interest, who will make it possible for the President to prod and goad, boldly trade for votes or send a little chill of fear rippling through the legislators."

And on the subject of the inevitable conflict between White House staff and the cabinet, Ehrlichman describes the first cabinet meeting:

"Nixon led off with a rambling speech in which he exhorted his Cabinet to work hard, seize their departments from the control of their dastardly bureaucracies, save time for their families, and stay in touch with the American people. The President made it sound as if he intended to give his Cabinet full freedom to run their departments without White House interference. At the time, that might have been Nixon's real intention.

"But before too many weeks it was obvious that he'd changed his mind. Some of the men he'd selected for the Cabinet soon embarrassed him by what they said or did, and he began to instruct them via his senior staff: Bob Haldeman, Dr. Arthur Burns, Daniel P. Moynihan, Bryce Harlow, and Henry Kissinger. Nixon knew he was reneging; but as he said to me, none of his Cabinet had been elected—only Richard Nixon had been elected, and only he would have to stand for reelection. If he had to pay the political price for his Cabinet secretaries' mistakes, then he, by God, had the right and obligation to correct those mistakes."

This conflict between president and cabinet has been true of each of the four administrations that have come to Washington since this magazine published its first article on the subject, "The White House Staff v. the Cabinet," 13 years ago. Yet each administration has proclaimed it would be different. Ronald Reagan was the most recent to swear he would let his cabinet members run their departments. Why then, one wonders, do we see these headlines (all from December editions of *The Washington Post*):

Baldrige Angrily Assails Stockman Budget Slash

Energy Secretary Appeals Budget Slash

OMB Seeks Big Cuts in Job Training: Donovan to Appeal to White House

Administration Deeply Split Over Further Budget Cuts

The last story, in addition to confirming Secretary of Commerce Baldrige's opposition to cuts in his department, went on to report, "Health and Human Services Secretary Richard S. Schweiker also is openly fighting some suggested cuts. . . . The Department of Housing and Urban Development has appealed cuts proposed by OMB, and Attorney General William French Smith is engaged in a behind-the-scenes fight with Stockman over new reductions."

What inevitably happens is that the cabinet secretaries become prisoners of the constituencies served or affected by their departments and of the bureaucracies they administer. Sometimes they are right in opposing the president, sometimes they are wrong. But what is almost certain is that they will oppose him, openly or covertly, in whatever actions he favors that might threaten the interests of their departments. . . .

If you are persuaded by Deborah Fallows's article, beginning on page 50, that the *quantity* of time a mother spends with her children is just as important as the quality,

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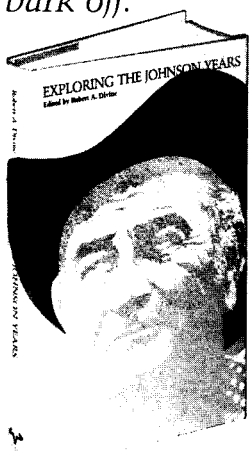
you will be troubled by the figures in a recent report from the Bureau of Labor Statistics: 54 percent of children under 18 have working mothers, a 40 percent increase since 1970. More disturbing are the figures about preschoolers: nearly 45 percent of them have working mothers.

Clearly, some women can both mother and work, and obviously many women *have* to work (and those who do should be paid the same as men). But one only has to look around to see that many can afford not to work. I hope they read the Fallows article. And I hope they won't misunderstand it as a number of women have misunderstood other items we have published on women's issues.

On page one, for example, you will find a letter alleging that I urge women to "service randy youth." This was in response to my defense ["Tilting at Windmills," October] of a 31-year-old woman who slept with a teenage male and was charged with rape even though there was absolutely no evidence of force. I said that it was absurd to put the woman in jail for something that would have inspired nothing but gratitude in most teenage males I have known. But this definitely does not mean that I think any woman has any obligation to "service" any male, young or old.

The other letter on women's issues says that I blame the women's movement for unemployment. This is in response to my belief ["Tilting at Windmills," November] that women who don't need money should think twice before they take paying jobs from people (men or women) who do need it. My basic complaint here, and one that consistently arouses some female hostility, is that liberation seems to have freed modern women to imitate the worst qualities in men—the search for status, the equation of fancy titles and material reward with accomplishment. Thus when I

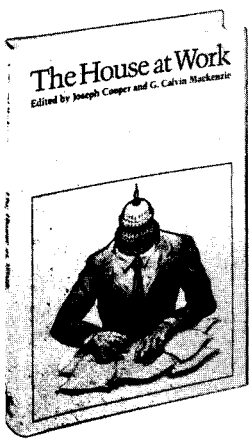
"It is all here: the story of our time—with the bark off."



Exploring the Johnson Years
Edited by ROBERT A. DIVINE

Lyndon Johnson was referring to the LBJ Library's more than thirty million documents representing "forty years of public service in one place for friend or foe to judge." These essays mark the first attempt to illuminate some of the library's most important files and cover every major aspect of the Johnson presidency from Vietnam to the War on Poverty to LBJ's stormy relationship with the media. **$25.00**

"To describe a typical work week in the life of a congressman is to invite incredulity."



The House at Work
Edited by JOSEPH COOPER and G. CALVIN MACKENZIE

How, then, do members get their work done? And how does the House get its work done? In looking at the House at work, each contributor shares a simple but important notion: examining the way institutions perform fundamental tasks reveals a great deal about their character and their possibilities. The essays in this volume include original and ground-breaking work on ethics reform, the internal administration of the House, the relationships between members and their constituents, time utilization, staff management, and organizational behavior in a legislative setting. **$27.50**

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criticized the tenet of the women's movement that work was not worthy unless it was paid, women replied that men were guilty of the same sin. The curious thing is that I said that in the last paragraph. Here it is:

"Men have done the same thing—and for much longer—taking salaries they really didn't need simply for the ego gratification involved. There have been exceptions, like the business executives who came to Washington to work for the government for a dollar a year during World War II, and who should be an example now for everyone who can afford to work without pay. Working without pay, for those who can afford to do so, should be a badge of honor, not a cause for disrespect. Let's leave the salaries to those who need them. If you are fortunate enough to have money and not have to work for it, why not free yourself from the chains of paid employment and seek work that satisfies your heart and soul?"

Apparently what happened is that a lot of women saw red before they got to the last paragraph. I think they ought to consider why they saw red so quickly. Some women who don't need the money tell me they have to take home a big salary in case their husbands do them wrong, or in order to have dignity in dealing with their husbands. My answer to that is simple—marry a man who will respect you for what you are and what you do, without regard to how much money you make. You might just be able to have such a marriage when you're able to respect your husband on the same basis.

But even if life doesn't often work out so well, my basic point remains the same: Do the work you feel is the most worthwhile and the best use of your talents; don't feel that you have to be paid for it if either you or your spouse or your ex-spouse provides an income that makes your salary unnecessary. Truly liberated women should feel no obligation to join the money-grubbing rat race. Instead of imitating men, they should help them become more human—help them imitate what has been best in women. . . .

We have complained before that the editors of *The New York Times* do not understand the significance of events in Washington. The latest example: they ran their first story about David Stockman's historic series of confessions to *The Atlantic* on page D9. To their credit, however, they have recognized their own ignorance and have given their Washington bureau a page of its own. And the Washington bureau is taking advantage of its opportunity. The page is usually good—very good, in fact. It takes the kind of anthropological look at the nation's capital that has always seemed to me to be the most fruitful. . . .

In this month's *Atlantic*, Garry Wills appears to be arguing that John Kennedy, instead of trying to get around the bureaucracy, should have led it, as FDR did.

Kennedy inherited two million bureaucrats who had been hired by someone else. He could hire but 2,000 of his own choosing. Roosevelt hired 500,000 in his first two terms and two million more in his third. He could lead the bureaucrats because they were his people. But subsequent presidents have been faced with his legacy—people who were loyal to FDR and committed to his objectives but who were not necessarily loyal to the presidents who followed him. Indeed, as the years went by—and especially after the McCarthy period—they became committed primarily to their own survival, which also meant to the survival of the bureaucratic units for which they worked—for they could be fired only if the budget of their agency was cut and their jobs were abolished. So presidents after FDR, whether they were up to good or evil, soon realized the bureaucracy had other priorities.

Wills thinks Kennedy should have followed the recommendations of the chain of command, of the bureaucracy, just as Dwight Eisenhower did. But what happened to Kennedy when he did just that and ratified the decision to invade the Bay of Pigs? That was a chain-of-command decision by Allen Dulles and the CIA, approved by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It was stupid, it was disastrous, and it taught Kennedy a lesson: always second-guess the bureaucrats, which is exactly what he did a year and a half later when it came time to confront the Cuban missile crisis. In that instance, he circumvented the bureaucracy by seeking advice from outside the chain of command. The result was peace instead of war.

The irony Wills neglects is that FDR was the originator of such bureaucratic end runs. He had served as assistant secretary of the navy for seven and a half years when he came to the presidency. Because the assistant secretary level is the point where political authority and permanent government intersect, he knew the bureaucracy as has no other president of modern times. So when he was confronted with 500,000 civil servants organized in old-line departments, he hired 500,000 new people, put them into new agencies, and got the country moving again. Even then, aware as he was of the danger of overnight bureaucratization, he concocted a ruling modus operandi that included constant end runs, incessant irregularity, and endless discomfort for the conventional bureaucrat. If you were a Harry Hopkins at the Department of Commerce or a Harold Ickes at the Department of the Interior, however highly esteemed you might be, your programs would not be automatically accepted because of your position in the chain of command. Instead, FDR would pick up the phone and say to Harry, "What do you think of this proposal of Harold's?" and to Harold, "What do you think of this idea of Harry's?" This is what Garry Wills doesn't understand.

—*Charles Peters*

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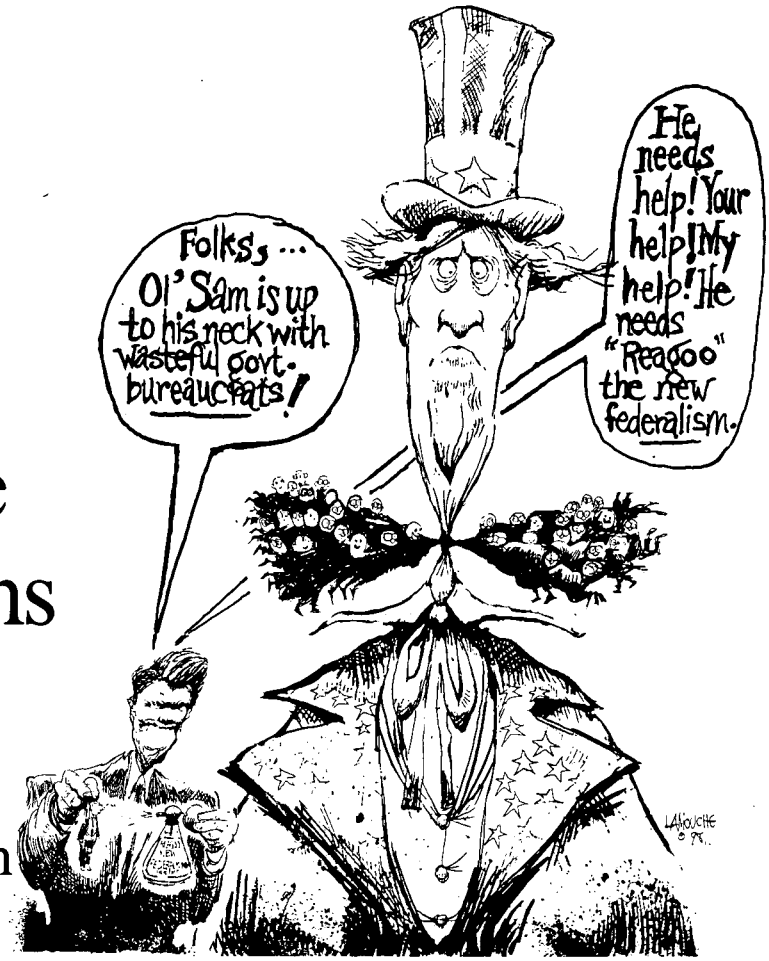
50 Miniature Washingtons

The flaw in Reagan's New Federalism

by Gregg Easterbrook



"A lot of people view state government with more alarm than they do Washington," Senator Paul Laxalt observed recently. Whoa! *That* will never do. To the woodshed with you, Paul. Surely you've heard about New Federalism, strategic fulcrum of former governor Ronald Reagan's master plan to end government incompetence and strangling bureaucracy. Reagan considers states the most efficient and proper units of government; he wants to turn significant amounts of federal authority over to them. The president likes to suggest that this would solve once and for all the problems of "unmanageable, unaccountable" government agencies. New Federalism, Reagan has said, "is my dream."

What does Laxalt, also a former governor, know that Reagan doesn't? Perhaps some basic figures. For instance, state government is a larger and much faster growing organism than federal government. There are 3.5 million state workers compared to 2.8 million at the federal level. While federal employment changed little through the 1970s, state employment grew more than three percent annually. In fact, during the last decade, when Reagan was pounding the stump with his anti-Washington message, federal employment as a percentage of total government employment *declined* steadily.

Laxalt probably also knows about state spending. Last year state government broke the $1,000 barrier, spending an average of $1,010 per capita (North Dakota spends $1,307 per resident, Delaware $1,378, Hawaii $1,594, and Alaska $4,827). To obtain this kind of money, states have begun borrowing at a furious rate. Total state deficits hit $119 billion in 1980; the percentage increase in state deficits has run *ahead* of the federal deficit seven of the last ten years. State and local govern-

Gregg Easterbrook is a staff writer for The Atlantic *and a contributing editor of* The Washington Monthly.

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ment spending accounted for eight percent of the gross national product in 1950; by 1975, as Reagan was stepping down from control of California's government, it was up to 15 percent of the GNP.

States are also surging forward in their drive to become as much like Washington as possible. Forty-two states now have agencies modeled after the federal EPA; they serve mainly to issue rules conflicting with other states' rules, forcing the federal EPA (and the courts) in to mediate. Thirty-five states have agencies patterned after the federal Department of Transportation, which since its creation in 1966 has served mainly to slow highway and subway construction to a crawl while presiding over countless service cutbacks and cost overruns. Most states have agency analogs for the departments of agriculture, commerce, energy, housing, interior (usually called "parks and wildlife"), labor, and even defense, considering the 50 different administrations of the National Guard. Thirty-six states now have "cabinet government," the system that is a standing joke at the federal level. From the Colorado Board of Abstractors to the Dormitory Authority of New York, miscellaneous manifestations of state government are proliferating as well.

States are also imitating Washington's most maddening flaws by sheltering their workers under civil service programs: some 75 percent of those 3.5 million state employees have "merit" protections, meaning lifetime job guarantees regardless of whether they perform well, poorly, or at all. Like federal workers, they continue to get hefty raises, oblivious to the hard times that prevail elsewhere. While Virginia governor John Dalton was cutting $3 million from state Medicaid spending early this year, he was also ordering a $47 million across-the-board raise for state employees. At the same time he upped his own salary 33 percent to $80,000 and bestowed even larger raises on other state officials.

"Our nation of sovereign states has come dangerously close to becoming one great national government," Reagan warns. Not really. In truth the sovereign states are dangerously close to becoming 50 miniature Washingtons.

As the White House staff has ballooned in recent years, so have its 50 miniature counterparts, the staffs of governors. Jerry Brown has a personal staff of 83. New Mexico's governor had three aides in 1950 and now has 21; Oklahoma has gone from 12 to 43; Kentucky has zoomed from seven to 54 and North Carolina from eight to 57. In 17 states, the governor has a personal budget of $1 million or more.

Washington affectations have extended even to lieutenant governors, our miniature vice-presidents. Maryland's Sam Bogley makes $52,500 and has a staff of six—including two bodyguards and a full-time chauffeur. Bogley recently described himself as having practically no responsibilities. "For what I'm doing," Bogley told a reporter, "I don't feel I'm justifying my salary." Bogley was then asked why he didn't return some of the money. "That's a good question," he replied.

As the states expand into 50 miniature Washingtons, thousands of HO-gauge D.C.s are springing up at the local level, too; local governments, being state-funded and state-regulated, follow in the states' wake. (New York has 11 major laws and 6,000 pages of regulations controlling local governments.) While Reagan has vowed that New Federalism will bring government closer to the people, what it may really do is bring Washington closer to the people, planting a Washington-like bureaucracy on every Main Street in America.

But why take my word for it? Instead, let's examine the states (and their local mini-festations) for the very things Reagan finds most offensive about the federal government—waste, fraud, and inefficiency. Let's go around the country for a closer look at your tax dollars at play.

Maryland's lieutenant governor has a personal staff of six, including two bodyguards and a full-time chauffeur. He recently described himself as having nothing to do.

State Waste

In Reagan's home state, Illinois, the Department of Public Aid has been leasing office buildings for more *per year* than they would cost to buy. In one case the agency paid $750,000 in rent for a building that was appraised at $90,000. In another case it rented a building from a "landlord" who, it turned out, did not own the property.

Meanwhile James Jeffers, director of the Illinois Division of Vocational Rehabilitation, took $250,000 from a fund earmarked for the handicapped to purchase "psychocybernetics" training sessions. Psychocybernetics is a self-actualizing encounter system devised by the late lamented

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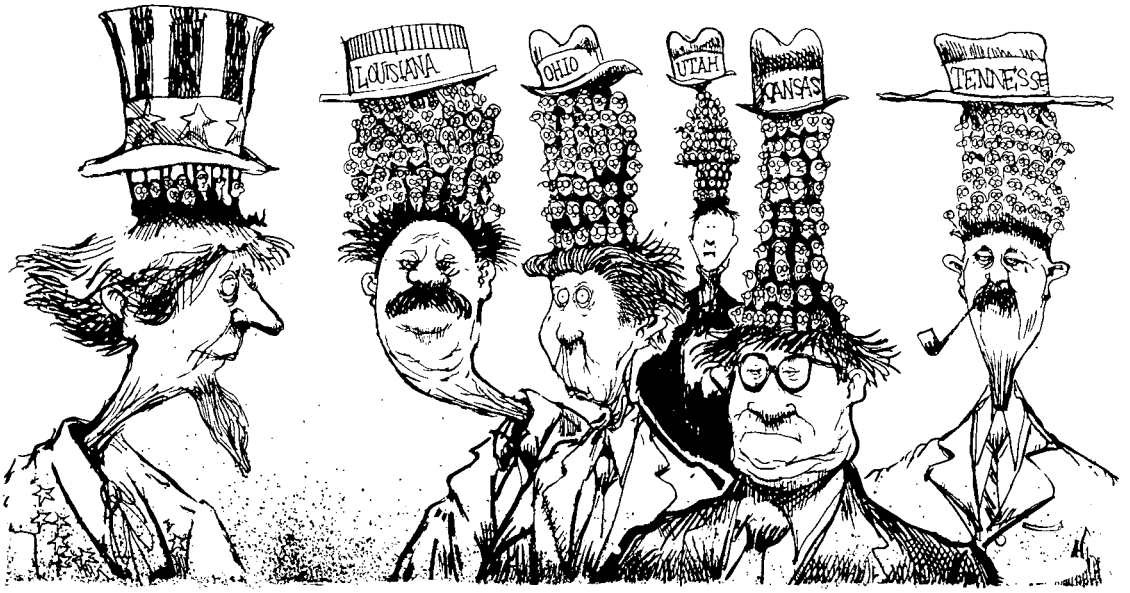

I Was a Teenage State Commissioner

If you need eyewitness evidence that state government can be as repetitious and pointless as the federal version, bear with this story:

One summer not too many years ago I worked as an intern at *The Arizona Daily Star*, a Pulitzer-owned paper in Tucson. I'm still not sure if it was a case of mistaken identity or simply the paper's way of saying what it thought of its editorial page, but somehow I found myself assigned to write editorials and opinion pieces about the serious issues of the day. I was 19 years old.

Around mid-summer I wrote an editorial praising the state superintendent of education for her plan to save old textbooks, the type of story that must run once a year in every local newspaper. A couple of weeks later an official-looking letter arrived. Because of what the letter called my "invaluable expertise" and many years of "experience and involvement in education," I was duly appointed to something called the Arizona Advisory Commission on Vocational Education. The first meeting was scheduled for a few weeks later in Phoenix; per diem expenses would be provided.

As a two-month visitor to Arizona I wasn't even sure where Phoenix was, but fortified with the endorsement of my editor and my mother, I accepted the appointment and set out for the capital in the 1967 Plymouth VIP I'd bought that summer for $200, stopping every few miles to hose down the radiator. By the time I arrived at the State Education Building I was wet behind more than the ears, but none of the education department officials seemed to notice, and I took my seat at the green felt table with a "Mr. Alter" marker on it.

Fifteen other committee members were present for the first meeting: a school superintendent, a high school principal, a college professor, someone from the Arizona School Board Association, and other educators and bureaucrats. We were told that the commission's goals would be to come up with a "comprehensive planning system for vocational education," to assist in the development of a "funding document," and to serve as a "high-level review committee" for "voc ed." The department staff would present plans to us, then "pick our brains."

My brain didn't feel any the worse for wear after the hour and a half meeting. The "staff team," as it was called, hadn't prepared anything for us to consider. As a result, discussion focused on another area to which the committee was supposed to address itself, a "reexamination of the larger picture—the philosophy of vocational education." Now, we learned, our focus would not be on the "process"—funding and the like—but on the "product" of vocational education in the state.

I later found out that Arizona has four other committees and boards handling the same issue, including an Advisory *Council* on Vocational Education. The difference between the council and my commission escaped me until a deputy superintendent clued me in. "We're trying to do away with the idea that the best way to kill off something is to assign it to a committee," he told me as we sat in his office sipping Cokes. Putting on a big smile, he boasted that when his boss came into office three years earlier there had been only five committees in the whole education department. Now 64 task forces brought in a thousand people "just like you" from all over the state to tackle problems from a "fresh perspective."

I asked if all that effort might not have been better expended on something like, say, educating students and training them for jobs, implying that my tenure as a commissioner might be short. Soon I was out the door and clunking my way back to Tucson, where I resigned my post. A week later I was back at college. I haven't returned to Arizona since. —*Jonathan Alter*

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plastic surgeon Dr. Maxwell Maltz. Records show the psychocybernetics sessions were attended mainly by members of the DVR staff. And while the DVR group was groping itself on taxpayers' time, Vincent Toolen, Illinois's chief purchasing officer, was using taxpayers' money to buy himself $11,000 worth of office furniture, including a $600 chair and a $2,300 African mahogany credenza. Toolen, asked to explain his excesses, noted, "I needed a desk." He also paid for the furniture out of the wrong fund, the state's computer-services budget. Remember, this is the guy in charge of purchasing.

Mayors and governors like the present system. They like blaming Washington for all their problems while continuing to accept the subsidies.

In Wisconsin, there is a state agency called the Solid Waste Recycling Authority. It was created for the purpose of issuing bonds for recycling projects. The agency has existed since 1973 and has spent $1.5 million. It has yet to issue a bond.

In New York, state workers go about their appointed tasks in the $1.5 billion Albany mall built by former governor Nelson Rockefeller. The mall features marble-covered skyscrapers poised on gravity (and budget) defying stilts. Up in Alaska the state continues to plan to spend $4.4 billion to construct an entirely new capital city at the inland rail stop known as Willow.

Today's governors see themselves as miniature presidents, trotting the globe on "diplomatic" missions for their states. Florida's Bob Graham, for instance, has made trips recently to Japan, Colombia, South Korea, Puerto Rico, and Taiwan.

But as creative as states can be when dispensing with their own proceeds, they save their highest fiduciary standards for other people's money; among the worst-managed programs anywhere are those financed by the federal government but administered by states and localities. When the money comes from somebody else, the state or city has no incentive to economize—in government, in fact, it has every reason to waste, since the more (of somebody else's money) spent, the bigger the spender's empire.

David Stockman seems to understand this. December's *Atlantic* describes the tennis courts in tiny Royalton, Michigan, Stockman's home. They were built with federal revenue-sharing funds, a program under which Washington went deeper into debt in order to make unrestricted gifts of cash to cities and states. Royalton's citizens "never would have taxed themselves to build that," Stockman said, looking out over the deserted courts. "But as long as somebody's giving them the money, sure, they're willing to spend it." Somebody plans to keep giving them the money: Reagan has recently pledged to retain (although at a lower level than Carter) the revenue-sharing program. His first concrete proposal for New Federalism, widespread use of "block grants," specifies that a larger share of federal funds be turned over to the states with no strings attached.

New York City's pending Westway project, funded by the federal government but administered by the state and city, will be a four-mile highway running along the southwest edge of Manhattan. It's slated to cost $2.2 billion. That's *$550 million a mile*—not only more expensive than any highway ever built (the previous record-holder was $145 million) but more expensive than any *subway*. Westway's four miles are also scheduled to take ten years to complete. Reagan has made a grand show of his backing for Westway, traveling to New York to present a giant cardboard check for $85 million to Mayor Edward Koch. Under New York's penny-pinching plan that $85 million will buy exactly 816 feet of highway; Westway is programmed to cost $8,680 per *inch*. Koch, for his part, complained that the federal government had double-crossed him by refusing to pay for the "amenities" like roadside parks and, perhaps, porcelain-inlaid drainage pipes.

California's federally funded but state-run Medi-Cal system (the state's version of Medicaid) continues to hum like a well-oiled machine. A California state commission recently said that 25 percent of Medi-Cal's $4 billion budget is waste—far higher than the ten-percent waste Reagan has said plagues the federal government.

State auditors have found doctors billing Medi-Cal for abortions performed on women who weren't pregnant; dentists billing to cap teeth they had already billed to extract; and psychiatrists billing an hour's fee after seeing patients for only 15 minutes. One Los Angeles doctor made $500,000 last year in Medi-Cal fees. Another, Dr. Leo Kenneally, sentenced to 125 days for claiming phony services, continued to submit bills to Medi-Cal while appealing his conviction. A hospital emergency room billed the

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state $76.30 for fitting a woman for a diaphragm. Now this might have seemed like an emergency situation to the patient (and the guy waiting for her in the car), but had the procedure been done in a clinic it would have cost only $12.

Medical billings and many other examples of federally funded state waste involve intangible circumstances that resist strict fiscal control. But some do not. Chicago's Deep Tunnel project recently managed to misplace 26 million tons of rock. Deep Tunnel is a mega-sewer financed by Washington but built by Chicago's Metropolitan Sanitary District. The district (on the advice of a federally funded study by the consulting firm of Booz-Allen) allegedly decided to give away all limestone removed from its excavations. Limestone, it turns out, is selling for $4 a ton in Chicago; the decision cost federal taxpayers about $100 million. (Most of the stone, by the way, was carted off by contractors for use as roadfill in a federally funded, state-run highway project.)

Federalist Fraud

Okay, that gives you an idea of how states have taken command on the "waste" issue. Now let's move on to Reagan's second category, "fraud."

So far this year, 120 present or former county commissioners have been found guilty (or pleaded guilty) in Oklahoma's road-building kickback scandals. Oklahoma City's U.S. attorney says he hopes to nail 250 commissioners be-

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In an eleven-part series entitled "U.S. Drug Enforcement: The Billion-Dollar Bust," the *Herald*'s investigative team explained how the federal war on drugs has turned into a rout, not of the pushers but of the government. The articles, the result of a four-month investigation, explored both the bureaucratic ineptitude that characterizes the Drug Enforcement Administration and the failure of the United States government to convince foreign nations to stop exporting drugs.

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fore it's over. The FBI estimates that at least $25 million in kickbacks and ill-spent money is involved. Road kickback investigations continue in Illinois, Tennessee, Florida, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and other states.

Investigators found two basic types of scams in Oklahoma. One was a straight ten-percent kickback from contractor to public official. The other was a bit bolder—totally phony purchase documents, 100-percent profit. Kickbacks are a traditional way of doing business in many states, but apparently complete nondelivery of the goods crossed that fine ethical line. "I think the ten-percent kickback probably would have been accepted [by the public] if it had stopped at that," Oklahoma state senator John Clifton, chairman of a special committee studying the affair, said recently.

Just before Tennessee governor Ray Blanton left office in January 1980, three of his top aides were arrested (carrying marked FBI money) on charges of selling state pardons. One aide, state trooper Charles Taylor, displayed his sterling moral fiber when he told investigators he would sell a pardon to any criminal except one who had "molested a minor child."

Prosecutors from that incompetent, inefficient federal government you've heard so much about found that evidence of Blanton's pardon-selling apparatus had been given to a Nashville state attorney four years before; he had simply filed the information. Blanton expressed shock and outrage over the allegations. Then three days before leaving office he commuted the sentences of 52 felons, including 26 murderers and double-murderer Roger Humphreys, son of one of Blanton's friends. The good governor's successor, Lamar Alexander, was sworn into office ahead of schedule when the FBI learned that still more pardons were imminent.

'New Federalism' vows to bring government closer to the people, but what it may really do is bring Washington closer to the people.

Since then Blanton has also been charged with taking liquor license kickbacks. Shortly after the pardon-selling charges surfaced, Blanton complained that the FBI had violated executive courtesy by not informing him that a secret investigation of his activities was in progress.

Over in Illinois, the fortunes of a company called Canteen Corporation have been closely watched by the Better Government Association. BGA files provide this history:

In 1969, Illinois secretary of state Paul Powell awarded Canteen an exclusive no-bid contract for food concessions in state office buildings. Canteen was being run by former governor William Stratton and by Patrick O'Malley, chairman of the Chicago Park District. (When Powell later died, $800,000 in cash was found in shoe boxes hidden around his hotel residence. It was never precisely determined where the money came from, nor whether Powell had "accepted" it or merely "received" it.)

In 1974, Illinois secretary of state Michael Howlett renewed Canteen's deal and added a few enhancements—all rent and utilities free, no more royalties to the state, and state subsidies for any disposable items used in Canteen's cafeterias. These changes added $1 million a year to the profitability of Canteen's operation, BGA found.

In 1979, Illinois secretary of state Alan Dixon (now Illinois senator Alan Dixon) submitted Canteen's deal to competitive bidding. Dixon had challenged the contract when campaigning for Howlett's job. But Canteen won once again. The bid requirements had been written so as to be nearly identical to key elements of Canteen's previous contracts. (Dixon, when asked his reasons for choosing Canteen, would say only that he had used "subjective" criteria.)

Down in Florida, Daniel Gonzales Roman was, until recently, director of Miami Cruz Outreach Center, a federally funded, state-supervised community facility. It was discovered that Roman had put himself on the payroll twice—as "Daniel Roman," director, and "Daniel Gonzales," clerk-typist.

When confronted, Roman said he deserved both salaries because he did his own typing.

Intergovernmental Inefficiency

So much for "waste" and "fraud." Now how about Reagan's third dramatic charge against the federal government—"inefficiency"? If the states had greater authority, Reagan argues, government would be much more efficient. Let's begin testing his thesis in New England.

Recently the state-chartered Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority declared a special crash program to get its notoriously faulty buses rolling again. During the two-week "all-out effort," the MBTA's bill for maintenance overtime increased from an average of $1,750 per

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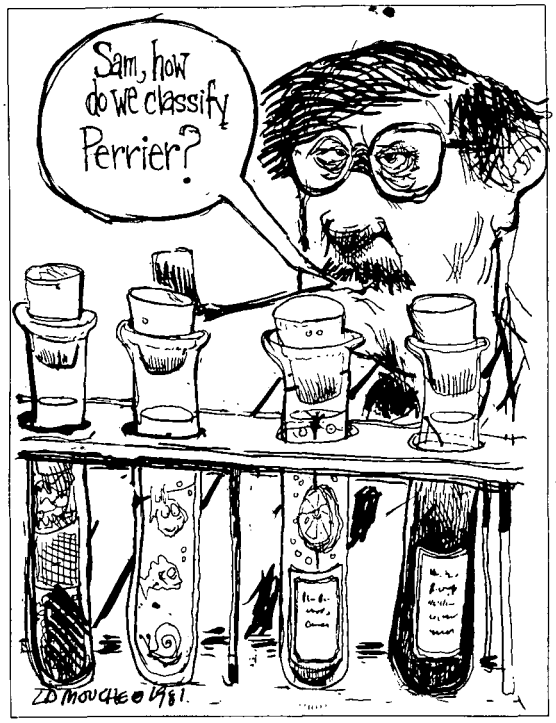

week to about $15,000 weekly. Bus availability, running at 49 percent, fell to 41 percent.

The T is one of the many state-supervised mass transit systems that serve our great cities so magnificently. An extensive *Boston Globe* study showed that in 1979 the "cost per mile of vehicle operation" for Washington's Metro was $2.82; for Philadelphia's SEPTA, $3.13; for San Francisco's BART, $3.39; and for Boston's T, $6.22. The cost per mile of Toronto's subway system—which I can attest as a frequent visitor to Toronto is superior to any of the systems mentioned here—was $2.18.

The T's efficiency is greatly aided by its 28 union contracts, most of which forbid any changes in "established practices." When, for instance, T managers tried to coordinate bus drivers' schedules to cut down excessive overtime and drivers sitting idle, the Amalgamated Transit Union blocked this move, claiming that overlapping schedules were established practice. (Overtime cost the T $11 million in 1979, the *Globe* found, compared to $2.6 million for Toronto's sytem, which covers three times as many miles and has 2,000 more employees.) Getting a distributor changed in a T bus can require as many as ten workers—one to drive the bus to a repair shop, another (a "shifter") to drive it *into* the shop, a sheet metal worker to open the engine cover, a machinist to remove any parts in the way, an electrician to change the distributor, and sometimes an entirely new set of workers to reverse the sequence.

Lean, mean fighting machines like the T can be found in state governments throughout the country. In Michigan, 18 stages of state approval are required for a community to erect a stop sign. Back in Illinois, a scandal recently broke over poor care and unsanitary conditions in state-chartered nursing homes. There are seven different Illinois agencies that license and monitor nursing homes; each issued statements claiming it was another agency's responsibility to act.

California's Public Utilities Commission recently was charged with administering a law giving tax credits to homeowners who install solar heating systems. PUC's "checklist" to determine eligibility has 54 steps. And PUC will rule on whether a heater qualifies for the tax credit only *after* it has been installed.

Florida land deals have traditionally been perilous for all but the most sophisticated; this applies to state government, too. Years ago the state accidentally lost 25,000 acres of land to a company called Aerojet General because of a poorly worded "reverter clause," a contractual element specifying that private parties must return public lands when finished with them. The Aerojet fiasco caused a scandal, and state officials promised never again. But just this September several hundred acres of Florida land were awarded to Offshore Power Systems, a Westinghouse subsidiary that claimed it was going to construct floating nuclear power stations and had been lent state land to build an assembly plant. When, to everyone's shock, amazement, and great consternation the floating-nuke idea didn't quite work out, OPS demanded to keep the land anyway. A state judge ruled that an invalid reverter clause meant OPS could have its way. The judge, incidentally, was later arrested for shoplifting.

That's All Voters Under the Bridge

Overall, not exactly a shining portrait of the sovereign states. But there are other factors to consider besides waste, fraud, and inefficiency. States increasingly have regulatory responsibilities in business, the professions, the environment, and other fields. Consider the following great moments in state regulation:

Indiana's State Board of Health, its EPA-analog agency, is charged with monitoring water pollution discharge from landfills. The board does this by requiring landfill operators to send in periodic samples of ground water from their property. Vials of water are simply sent to state

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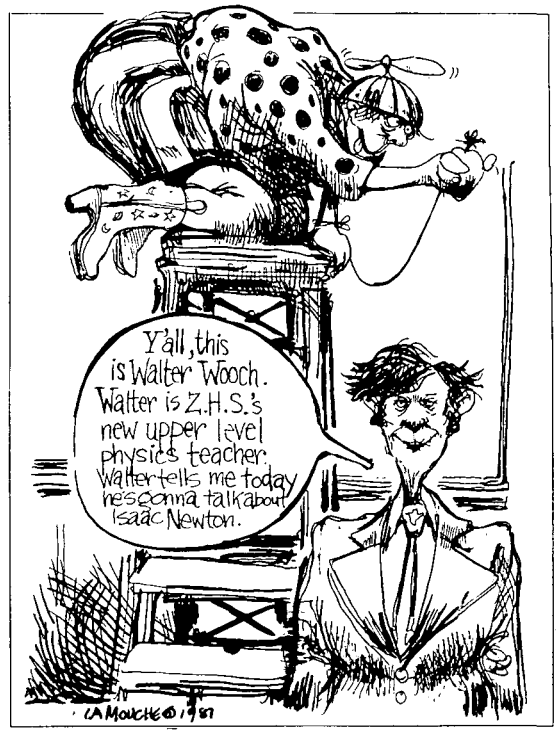
labs by the operators. The agency has no way of knowing whether the sample actually comes from a landfill, a garden hose, or a bottle of Perrier.

Last spring Florida's State Board of Pilots reinstated, without penalty, harbor pilot John Lerro. Lerro had been guiding the freighter *Summit Venture* when it slammed into the Sunshine Skyway Bridge near Tampa, collapsing a 1,300-foot section of roadway and sending 35 people to their deaths. Lerro testified at an inquest that he had decided to sail under the bridge despite a blinding storm that reduced visibility to zero, and knowing full well that the ship's navigational radar had failed. Asked to describe his feelings about returning to the scene of the tragedy, Lerro told an Associated Press reporter, "It's nothing you could understand. I walk to the beat of a different drummer."

In Texas, the legislature became mildly displeased when reports surfaced that one-third of Dallas and Houston public school teachers could not pass high-school-level literacy tests. The legislature demanded teacher-competency testing and assigned the matter to the Texas Education Agency, which quickly convened its Commission on Standards.

Like many state regulatory bodies, the Texas Education Agency is staffed almost entirely by people with a great personal stake in making sure no reforms are imposed on whatever they regulate. TEA's Commission on Standards, for instance, is comprised of teacher's college administrators, public school administrators, and teacher's union representatives. Its first act was to ask for $1 million to study the vexing question of whether teachers should be required to read and write; it has yet to issue a ruling on competency testing. It has, however, proposed that if a test is ever staged, any teacher already certified will be allowed to keep his job regardless of how poorly he scores (the commission called this a "grandperson clause"). It also proposed that new teachers who flunk future tests be allowed to remain so long as they begin taking graduate-level education courses. The commission neglected to explain how someone who flunks a high-school literacy test could qualify for a graduate course.

Speaking of commissions and boards, while Reagan was governor of California he supervised the creation of some 65 new state government units. Among them were such long-overdue public necessities as the Joint Highway-Resources Committee, the Department of Navigation and Ocean Development, the Division of Auto Repairs, the Exotic Disease Eradication Program,



and the California Crime Technology Research Foundation, which, one hopes, concerned itself with technology for crime *prevention*.

Some states have camouflaged the existence of their many essential boards and commissions through agency consolidation. Seldom are the functions eliminated; they are merely subsumed under a larger heading, creating the illusion of government streamlining. Connecticut, for instance, had 172 state agencies employing 17,000 people in 1950; today it has 26 agencies employing 53,000.

State professional "regulation" boards exist, of course, mainly to restrict entry into a trade, monopolize it, and thus drive up the earnings of those safely inside and certified. Michigan's constitution, for instance, specifies that state boards be controlled "by members of that profession." Members of the barbers' profession have decided to require 2,000 hours of instruction before anyone could take the state barber's exam. Before long a little off the sides may require a Ph.D.

We Serve and Protect Ourselves

One of the most distinctively perverse qualities of Washington (and one Reagan has so often blasted) is the federal government's ironclad civil service system, which prevents firing bureaucrats, ensures perpetual raises for federal employees regardless of performance, and in general makes the federal government less and less

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accountable to the will of the people. Through 1979 and 1980, for instance, Oregon cut its budget ten percent, a far more drastic reduction than Reagan imposed at the federal level. For 1981 and 1982, Oregon froze its budget exactly at 1980 levels. All told, this means more than a 30-percent loss of buying power after inflation. How many Oregon state employees have been let go? Two percent.

Texas governor Bill Clements took office in 1978 vowing to slash 25,000 of the state's 187,000 workers. He settled for fewer than 3,000, a figure achieved not through dynamic cuts but by normal attrition (retirements, deaths from insect inhalation in Houston, and so on). If you count state-run colleges, Texas public employment has *increased* under Clements.

As in Washington, when the ax does fall, it usually falls on those doing productive work while sparing deskbound administrators. Eureka, California's city manager recently asked to combine his department of public works with his department of parks and recreation, thus saving one managerial salary. The city council refused. It did, however, fire three park maintenance workers. While Chicago's federally and state-funded school system was laying off 2,000 teachers in 1979 and 1980, it was increasing the number of top administrative posts (paying $40,000 or more) from 80 to 156. It also created a "Department of Employee Relations," with a $56,000-a-year manager and three $40,000-plus aides whose jobs, apparently, are to find out where those 2,000 teachers went. When the state-chartered, federally funded Chicago Transit Authority lapsed into financial distress this summer, its first response was to fire all 107 of its transit policemen. Next it cut service and laid off 97 bus drivers. Only later did it lay off the first administrative workers—and those layoffs came from low-level clerical slots, not management.

And like the federal government, state and local governments are following the pattern of laying off some employees while granting raises to others, instead of trying to keep everybody working. Wayne County (Detroit) recently laid off 78 employees and simultaneously awarded nine-percent raises to those who got to stay. (In 1979 Wayne County was paying $18,300 for an entry-level accountant; private firms in Detroit were paying $14,000.) When Boston's MBTA shut down two years ago, forcing the state to provide a $41 million emergency appropriation, 75 percent of the extra money went to finance raises for T workers; simultaneously, the T thanked taxpayers by cutting back service on 32 bus routes and three subway lines.

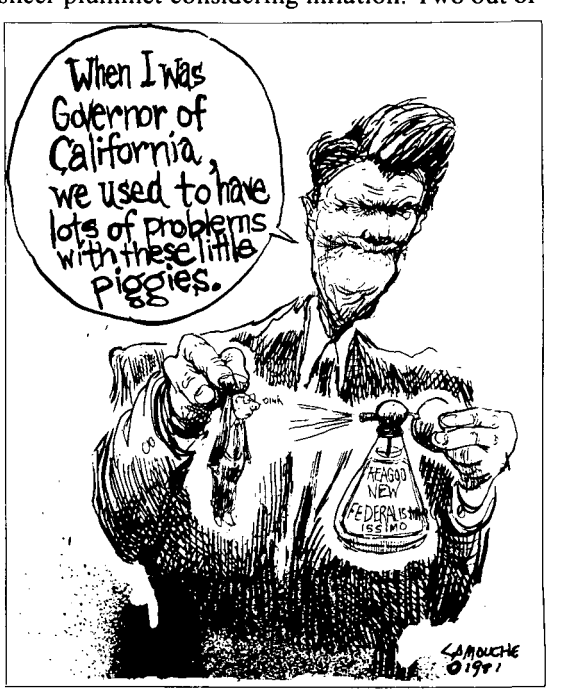
Public servants in the miniature Washingtons have perfected their self-protective instincts in other ways. Several lawyers for the New York Transit Authority recently were found to be doing private work during business hours; some even had private telephone listings at the public offices. The Houston Police Patrolmens Union wrote its members asking them to take their time in answering emergency calls. Rapid responses, the union said, could sabotage efforts to expand the force.

Estate of the States

State and local governments are more responsive, Reagan has said, because they are "closest to the people." Yet the miniature Washingtons can be especially adept at fouling up the things that concern people most directly.

One close-to-the-people issue affecting nearly everyone is the condition of America's physical plant—roads, bridges, dams, and sewers. While acid rain may be a faraway abstraction, everyone knows whether the roads are in good shape. Yet in recent years the states have succeeded in dramatically cutting back spending for construction and maintenance of the physical plant—the "infrastructure"—in order to channel money to civil servants' salaries and raises.

In 1970, state and local infrastructure spending was $29 billion; this year it will be $19 billion, a sheer plummet considering inflation. Two out of



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every five bridges in the country are said to be "structurally deficient"; one-fifth of the interstate highway system has already passed its expected service life. New York City's subway system simply stopped doing preventive maintenance in 1975; now it repairs only tracks and vehicles that are already out of order. The results are predictable—12,000 breakdowns in 1977, 36,000 last year. Raises for transit authority workers continue, however, as they do at Chicago's and Boston's troubled transit systems.

But as far as state governments themselves are concerned, the story of 1981 has had nothing to do with bureaucracy or inefficiency—it's been Reagan's budget cuts. New Federalism, while promising less supervision and red tape (a primary effect of block grants is to convert funds intended to serve some specific purpose into unrestricted gifts), also so far has promised less money. In Reagan's 1982 budget there is $82 billion for the states, down from $88 billion in Carter's final budget.

State and local officials had to be peeled off the ceiling after they heard about these cuts; Governor Richard Snelling of Vermont calls them a "tragedy" and an "economic Bay of Pigs." But in truth they had it coming. When it comes to wallowing up to the federal trough, states may be the most accomplished porkers of our time. Reagan's 1982 state funding level will still be 11 times higher than federal funding of states in 1960. The CPI has increased about 2.5 times since 1960. In 1955 states drew 20 percent of their revenue from Washington; now it's 37 percent.

It would be nice to think that channeling so much cash through Washington enables wealthy states to aid their less fortunate neighbors; this is seldom the case. Alaska, with rich oil revenues and a state treasury surplus of $1 billion last year, is in by far the best financial condition of any state. Yet it receives by far the highest proportion of federal assistance, reeling in $4,759 per resident in federal grants and expenditures, according to a *National Journal* study. The national average of per capita federal assistance to states, $2,101, is less than half Alaska's allotment. New Jersey gets $1,722 per capita, Iowa gets $1,602, and Michigan, supposed bailout capital of the world, gets only $1,556.

Another measure of funding logic is the "flow" of state-generated tax dollars—how much of the money a state sends to Washington eventually comes back to it in some form. Michigan finishes dead last in flow, getting only 66 cents back for every dollar it supplies Washington. Indiana gets 70 cents, Ohio 71 cents, Delaware 74 cents. Minnesota, with the worst short-term financial condition of any state (it projects a $180 million budget deficit next year), has a federal flow of just 85 cents. Pennsylvania gets 92 cents and New York 96 cents. Meanwhile booming Colorado has a positive flow of $1.06; Washington State gets $1.10, Georgia $1.11, Arizona $1.21, Hawaii $1.30, and Alaska $1.44. Clearly where the federal money is needed has little to do with where it goes.

If so much money is shipped back to the states (after, as Reagan has said, traveling "to Washington and back minus a carrying charge"), why, it's often asked, does it go to the federal government at all? Why don't states directly fund their own services like education and highway repair? Why, indeed. Although most governors claim to detest the Washington round-trip of tax money and long to be left alone, more than likely nothing could be further from the truth.

When money is raised by Washington and then handed back to the states, it keeps governors and mayors from having to face the thing Reagan says they can handle best—political accountability. That federal withholding line on your paycheck is big, unfathomable, unchallengeable, imposed by someone far away. The smaller state and local lines are, in contrast, much easier to understand and raise hell about. Witness the fact that there have been recent tax upheavals of one sort or another in California, Minnesota, New Jersey, South Dakota, and Massachusetts, but no serious grassroots political assault against federal taxes. Mayors and governors would rather keep it this way. The last thing they want to admit is how much they're *really* spending; they would rather continue to blame Washington for it all, calling press conferences to denounce that inflationary monster on the Potomac, even as they are subsidized by the national tax bookkeeping swindle. (Miniature Washingtons' favorite book-juggler is the industrial revenue bond, which allows *states* to grant exemption from *federal* taxes.)

Last summer there were signals from the Reagan administration that New Federalism's next step would be "tax turnbacks," ending the arrangement where Washington serves as the states' collection agency. It was never exactly clear what "tax turnbacks" would be. At first, the proposal seemed to be for some return of taxing authority directly to states. That made governors nervous, since it meant voters could hold them responsible. Then it was suggested that Washington would turn back revenues collected from gasoline and cigarette taxes, handing the cash over

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"Those who view poverty and unemployment as permanent afflictions of our cities fail to understand how rapidly the poor can move up the ladder of success in our economy. But to move up the ladder, they must first get on it. And this is the concept behind enterprise zones."

—Ronald Reagan

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as unrestricted grants; this prospect pleased the states no end, since Washington would continue to take the blame while states took the money.

Recent gloomy budget projections have, however, forced Reagan to put the tax turnback plan on hold. In October, treasury undersecretary Norman Ture recently said that turnbacks are far off; he noted, however, that Reagan has already effectively returned some revenue-raising power to states via federal income tax cuts. If states are really as badly racked as they claim, Ture said, they could raise their own taxes to soak up recently freed federal tax dollars.

This is accurate economic thinking and is, philosophically, just what Reagan's New Federalism preaches. The primary features of Ture's proposal—self-reliance, decentralized government, voter accountability—are just what nine out of ten governors would endorse, so long as it didn't apply to them. But states have become addicted to their federal handouts—just as many individuals and businesses have—and they reacted to the Ture statement with an intense flurry of lobbying. States succeeded in getting Reagan to make several reconciliatory statements and moderate his plans for the next round of state-aid cuts. Lobbying the full-scale Washington is something the miniature Washingtons seem better poised to do than getting their own houses in order. Thirty-one states now maintain their own offices in Washington, some states having different lobbies for different state agencies. They are joined by more than 100 city lobbies representing everything from the metropolises to Natchez, Mississippi; even 25 or so *counties* have Washington lobbies, including Los Angeles County, King County (Seattle), Hennepin County (Minneapolis), and Pitkin County, Colorado, home of financially strapped Aspen.

The sorry state of today's state does not mean that New Federalism is a bad idea. In the abstract it is a very good idea—government decision-making, financing, and functioning should be carried out at the levels where they are most keenly felt. The state of the state does indicate, however, that merely handing responsibility over to the country's 50 miniature Washingtons will not accomplish anything. Stagnant bureaucracy has pervaded American life right down to the local level, and until its causes—self-serving thinking, civil-service inefficiency, interest-group paralysis—are attacked, the rest is just paper-shuffling. As it stands now, Reagan's New Federalism mainly calls for tossing administrative problems back to the states so the bomb will be in somebody else's hands when it goes off. That might please the tosser, but it doesn't help the rest of us. □

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HOW THE WHITE HOUSE CONS THE PRESS

by Tom Hamburger

The safety net Lyn Nofziger threw around Ronald Reagan during the latter part of the 1980 presidential campaign to prevent him from saying things like "air pollution is caused by trees" was pierced one evening shortly before the election by an enterprising local radio reporter in Chicago. When the reporter shoved his microphone forward after a fund-raiser and asked in bold baritone, "What did you think of your welcome here, Governor?" Nofziger and another aide reacted instinctively, waving their arms and shouting, "No interviews! You don't have to respond. You don't have to answer that." The candidate ignored their cries and proceeded to tell the reporter that he was gratified by the reception.

It's interesting to reflect on that story now because it makes you realize how things have changed within the Reagan entourage. Aides still get nervous when Reagan flies solo, but now they have the power of the presidency behind them. The beauty of the press office operation, from the White House's perspective, is that the president can look accessible without being so.

For example, when Reagan leaves the White House to board a helicopter on the South Lawn, reporters gather to witness the departure, just as they've done for years. But while Jimmy Carter would stop and answer questions as he walked toward the chopper, the Reagan procedure is to start the helicopter's loud engines as soon as the president appears in the White House doorway. On television, Reagan is seen smiling and waving to reporters, whose questions have vanished in the din.

Press access to the president—indeed, the general flow of information from the government to the public as a whole—is now the most controlled it has been since the days of Richard Nixon and Watergate. Through the use of a well-organized policy that is applied in every department of the executive branch, the administration is restricting press coverage to a degree little noticed by anyone other than the hamstrung reporters themselves. In fact, even *they* sometimes don't notice.

What's Your Brief?

Maybe the best way to get a sense of the administration's press strategy is to look outside the White House for a moment. One good place to view the change that has occurred in the flow of information is the State Department briefing center, the room with the three-dimensional map of the world where Hodding Carter got famous acting droll but responsible about the hostages in Iran.

Things are different in the briefing room today. The spokesman is Dean Fischer, a former *Time* magazine correspondent known as much for his reticence as Carter was for his volubility. If you had a boss as volcanic as Al Haig you might be a little on the shy side, too, but Fischer usually

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ILLUSTRATION BY LUCINDA SCHAEFER

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overdoes it. His noon briefing—the primary source of information for reporters covering the diplomatic beat—is a snore fest. Like his colleagues in the press offices of other agencies, Fischer receives daily "guidance" from the White House on what to divulge about major stories. But at State, the guidance is followed so rigidly that reporters have suggested that the once-helpful noon briefing be scrapped and replaced by a copy of the briefing book Fischer carries around.

"If it's not in the briefing book," grouses National Public Radio reporter Bill Busenberg, who covers State, "he won't even accept the basic legitimacy of a question. He won't even give the bromides, the basic State Department line like 'we condemn the cycle of violence in the Middle East.' " Busenberg used to return from briefings with an hour of tape suitable for use on the air. Now he says he's lucky if he comes up with ten minutes' worth.

Sometimes the briefings themselves sound like recorded messages ("The policy you have asked about is not in service. Please hang up and try your question again"). A favorite pastime for bored reporters is counting the number of "no comments." At one 45-minute briefing last fall, a State Department spokesman responded more than 30 times with "don't know," "can't say," "no comment," or "I've got nothing for you on that."

Background briefings for individual reporters are often equally fruitless. "It's harder to reach [department officials] on the phone than it has ever been," says George Gedda, an Associated Press reporter who has been around since Henry Kissinger. Other State Department regulars report that Haig, like his counterparts in other agencies, has started a crackdown on leaks that promises to claim victims. (He has already launched at least one widespread investigation of a leak of a remark transmitted by a South African official.) More disturbing is a proposed restriction of movement of reporters within the department to one corridor near the press office. Currently, reporters with the proper credentials can roam most of the department.

Life isn't much better over at the CIA, which recently closed its office of public affairs. In general, government press offices are overstaffed and not of much help beyond providing a rendition of the company line, but at the CIA such assistance was well-used by reporters, especially after revelations of domestic spying and other scandals.

Other departments have clam-up operations going, too. At the Interior Department's Bureau of Land Management, for instance, a memo has been issued by the director instructing staff not to talk to reporters (see "Memo of the Month," page 44), and at Commerce, officials have pointed out to employees the sin of going off the record. Along with promised changes in the Freedom of Information Act, the effect will be to hamper the ability of working reporters to find out what's going on belowdecks at the agencies they cover.

Handicapped Access

So why hasn't the administration been pummeled on the press access issue? Normally, the reporters are only too willing to squawk about bad treatment. The answer is that the Reaganites have an easy and effective ploy: they provide access for important reporters *at the top* of the chain of command. At State, selected correspondents—particularly those from the networks—are granted frequent interviews with Haig himself. And at the White House, James Baker and Edwin Meese make themselves accessible to network and major magazine and newspaper reporters to such an extent that a recent White House count estimated that on a busy day more than *50 percent* of the phone calls received and taken by Baker are from journalists.

That is a revealing figure, both for the contrast it provides to Hamilton Jordan, who shunned the press (and whose boss suffered because of it), and for what it says about the success of the Reagan strategy of funneling all important information through the narrow channel of Meese and Baker. The strange truth is that despite the shrinkage in the flow and quality of information about the government now available to reporters and the public, the mood in the White House press office is better than it has been in recent years. This paradox occurs partly because Reagan is a warm, relaxed man, and partly because Reagan aides understand better than their predecessors how to feed the egos and meet the needs of Washington reporters.

Surprisingly enough, feeding those egos and meeting those needs don't have much to do with the quality of the press briefing itself. The two official White House spokesmen—Larry Speakes, the deputy press secretary, and David Gergen, assistant to the president for communications—offer briefings that are universally considered inferior to those of Jody Powell, who was with Carter when decisions were made and could thus speak with more authority. Gergen, known as "The Great Conceptualizer" for his coining of "the social safety net" and other telling Reagan phrases, is chummy with many members of the press: he often reviews the film shot by the network "pool" cameras and suggests ways of using

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it on the evening news. But his briefings frequently contradict Speakes's, and the overall press operation is not considered informative.

So there's something else at work here. The real reason the press has stayed relatively happy may have something to do with a more human, and more classically Washington, phenomenon—that the appearance of closeness to power is often more important than what is actually happening. Of course, the smart White House aide knows this and uses it to his advantage. Meese, for instance, started getting roughed up in the press last August. His response, contrary to what would seem natural, was to *increase* his contact with reporters so that it now nearly equals that of Baker. One magazine reporter who had found it difficult to get through to Meese was shocked to hear him suggest in early fall that they get together once a week or so from then on.

The Reaganites have an easy and effective ploy for controlling information: they provide press access only at the top of the chain of command.

What actually results from that access, however, is a different matter. "You can get a call through to Meese without any problem," says ABC White House correspondent Sam Donaldson, "but all you'll usually get is a smiling Boy Scout reply that gives you absolutely nothing."

When there is "something" to get from a White House aide (not necessarily a top one) it often involves sniping at someone else in the administration rather than detailing substantive matters of foreign and domestic policy. Thus, instead of making them well informed, the access simply makes the big-time reporters more interested in personal views and squabbles. You would think that this would upset the administration—that it would prefer the press cared less about who's up and who's down and more about issues—and, indeed, the Reaganites say as much. But keeping the press dependent on a few important officials and what they're thinking is in fact far preferable for the White House. It means much closer control.

The most obvious form of control this provides is the threat to cut off access, which reporters tend to cherish not only for what it can do for their story but for what it does for their status in Washington ("As Jim Baker was telling me the other day . . . "). But like any other form of control, denying access is better as an implicit threat than as a delivered punishment. One reason the Carter press office failed was that it didn't understand the difference. For example, when Lesley Stahl of CBS completed a 1978 story from Jerusalem with the suggestion that the Carter administration had not told the full story about a dispute between Carter and Menachem Begin, she was singled out as the only network correspondent on the trip not invited to the White House dinner honoring the signing of the Camp David accords.

The Reaganites would never have handled it that way. Rather than playing hardball with reporters, the administration plays hardball with its own middle- and upper-level employees, warning them in the strongest possible terms to leave press contacts to people like Cabinet secretaries and James Baker. When a damaging leak does occur, there can be hell to pay for White House staffers. Last spring a "senior White House official" even tried to use the Secret Service computer to track down a leaker.

But to reporters, the administration offers only sugar. Working reporters—in addition to editors—are invited over regularly to watch movies with the Reagans and Hollywood luminaries. The rule throughout the White House is never, ever act testy with the press.

During every administration, senior aides are available to a certain extent, but the availability of Meese and Baker for on- and off-the-record interviews in an otherwise closed press operation is unusual. It's all the more unusual given the fallout from the David Stockman affair. Now even very senior members of the president's staff, equal to Stockman in stature, are reluctant to clue reporters in on what they are thinking about important issues, especially if the reporter happens to have a tape recorder on hand.

This means, of course, that Baker and Meese will gain yet more power to shape public perceptions of the administration, which is just fine with the administration's press strategists—the tighter control the better—and just fine with those less skeptical journalists lucky enough to enjoy their confidence. The only ones who suffer are the rest of us, who are now prisoners of prisoners of a very few sources. As for the public accountability that comes with an open administration, well, what does that have to do with making reporters feel important? □

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Coming Soon

The John Jenrette Federal Office Building

by Jim Clark

Philip J. Philbin . . . E. C. "Took" Gathings . . . Watkins M. Abbitt. From the honor bestowed on them, you might think these were the giants of the age—individuals whose contributions to the United States transcend the lifespan of mere mortals. Why else would they have federal office buildings named after them, an honor won by only 104 Americans?

Well, service in Congress helps. Not every person honored was a senator or representative, but Congress does, after all, name federal buildings. Although only a tiny percentage of such buildings bear any name, congressmen are only too happy to remember their colleagues this way (in the hope, no doubt, that they too will someday be chiseled in stone).

So while no federal office building is named for a Roosevelt or a Twain or an Edison, we do have the John L. McMillan Federal Building in Florence, South Carolina, the Joseph M. Montoya Building in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and the Edward A. Garmatz Federal Building in Baltimore, Maryland. Garmatz, a former Maryland congressman, has the distinction of being the only man in American history indicted in the building that bears his name.

The rules for winning your name on a federal building are simple: (1) you have to be as undistinguished as possible (there are a few exceptions), and (2) you have to be dead—unless, of course, you're a congressman. Sometimes even a combination of the latter two qualities—i.e., a dead congressman—doesn't do the trick: neither Henry Clay nor Daniel Webster has had a federal office building bear his name. But in recent years the "living congressman" clause has been used with some regularity. Thus only a few months after Jacob Javits and Abraham Ribicoff left the Senate last year, Congress named buildings after them. Both are now practicing law and may soon find themselves trying cases in "their" buildings.

J. Edgar Hoover, poor soul, never lived to see his deeds commemorated in downtown Washington. Strom Thurmond and Peter Rodino, on the other hand, are not only alive but still in office. The federal buildings named for them should prove helpful if they run for reelection in 1982.

Here is a list of those men, women, and elected representatives fortunate enough to have had a federal building named after them. Anyone who can recognize half the names in the list wins a free, all-expense-paid tour for two of the Herman T. Schneebeli Federal Building in Williamsport, Pennsylvania:

James C. Cleveland, Concord, N.H.
Norris Cotton, Manchester, N.H.
Thomas J. McIntyre, Portsmouth, N.H.
Winston Prouty, Essex Junction, Vt.
John E. Fogarty, Providence, R.I.
John O. Pastore, Providence, R.I.
Robert N. Giaimo, New Haven, Conn.
Abraham A. Ribicoff, Hartford, Conn.
Peter W. Rodino, Jr., Newark, N.J.
Charles A. Buckley, Bronx, N.Y.
Emanuel Celler, Brooklyn, N.Y.
James M. Hanley, Syracuse, N.Y.
Jacob Javits, New York, N.Y.
Kenneth B. Keating, Rochester, N.Y.
Robert C. McEwen, Ogdensburg, N.Y.
Leo W. O'Brien, Albany, N.Y.
Hastings Keith, New Bedford, Mass.
John F. Kennedy, Boston, Mass.
Philip J. Philbin, Fitchburg, Mass.
John W. McCormack, Boston, Mass.
Federico Degetau, Hato Rey, P.R.
J. Caleb Boggs, Wilmington, Del.
J. Allen Frear, Dover, Del.
George H. Fallon, Baltimore, Md.
Edward A. Garmatz, Baltimore, Md.
James A. Byrne, Philadelphia, Pa.
William J. Green, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.
William S. Moorhead, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Herman T. Schneebeli, Williamsport, Pa.
Watkins M. Abbitt, Farmville, Va.
Richard H. Poff, Roanoke, Va.
John Wesley Powell, Reston, Va.
Sidney L. Christie, Huntington, W.Va.
Harley O. Staggers, Morgantown, W.Va.
Elizabeth Kee, Bluefield, W.Va.
Everett McKinley Dirksen, Washington, D.C.
James Forrestal, Washington, D.C.
J. Edgar Hoover, Washington, D.C.
Hubert H. Humphrey, Washington, D.C.
Nicholas Longworth, Washington, D.C.
Frances Perkins, Washington, D.C.
Richard B. Russell, Washington, D.C.
Sam Rayburn, Washington, D.C.
Mary E. Switzer, Washington, D.C.
William C. Cramer, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Paul G. Rogers, West Palm Beach, Fla.
Robert L. Timberlake, Jr., Tampa, Fla.
Phil M. Landrum, Jasper, Ga.
Prince H. Preston, Statesboro, Ga.
Richard B. Russell, Atlanta, Ga.
Frank M Scarlett, Brunswick, Ga.
Robert G. Stephens, Jr., Athens, Ga.
John C. Watts, Frankfort, Ky.
Thomas G. Abernethy, Aberdeen, Miss.
William M. Colmer, Hattiesburg, Miss.
Johnson J. Hayes, Wilkesboro, N.C.
Charles R. Jonas, Charlotte, N.C.
John D. Larkings, Jr., Trenton, N.C.
Alton Lennon, Wilmington, N.C.
John L. McMillan, Florence, S.C.
L. Mendel Rivers, Charleston, S.C.
Strom Thurmond, Columbia, S.C.
Clifford Davis, Memphis, Tenn.
Estes Kefauver, Nashville, Tenn.
George W. Andrews, Opelika, Ala.
William J. Campbell, Chicago, Ill.
Everett McKinley Dirksen, Chicago, Ill.
John C. Kluczynski, Chicago, Ill.
William L. Springer, Champaign, Ill.
Gerald R. Ford, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Patrick V. McNamara, Detroit, Mich.
Frank T. Bow, Canton, Ohio
Anthony J. Celebrezze, Cleveland, Ohio
Bishop Henry Whipple, Twin Cities, Minn.
Homer Capehart, Indianapolis, Ind.
Frank Carlson, Topeka, Kans.
Joe Skubitz, Pittsburgh, Kans.
Durward G. Hall, Joplin, Mo.
E. C. "Took" Gathings, Jonesboro, Ark.
Henry R. Koen, Russellville, Ark.
Prince Jonah Kuhio, Honolulu, Hawaii
Chet Holifield, Laguna Niguel, Calif.
George P. Miller, Oakland, Calif.
John E. Moss, Sacramento, Calif.
Justice William O. Douglas, Yakima, Wash.
Edith Green, Portland, Oreg.
Hale Boggs, New Orleans, La.
Allen J. Ellender, Houma, La.
F. Edward Hebert, New Orleans, La.
Joe D. Waggonner, Shreveport, La.
Dennis Chavez, Albuquerque, N.Mex.
Alfred P. Murrah, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Jack Brooks, Beaumont, Tex.
Earle Cabell, Dallas, Tex.
Fritz Garland Lanham, Fort Worth, Tex.
George Mahon, Midland, Tex.
John H. Wood, Jr., San Antonio, Tex.
Bob Casey, Houston, Tex.
C. C. Fisher, San Angelo, Tex.
J. Marvin Jones, Amarillo, Tex.
Joseph M. Montoya, Santa Fe, N.Mex.
Wayne N. Aspinall, Grand Junction, Colo.

Jim Clark is national editor of the Orlando Sentinel-Star *in Florida.*

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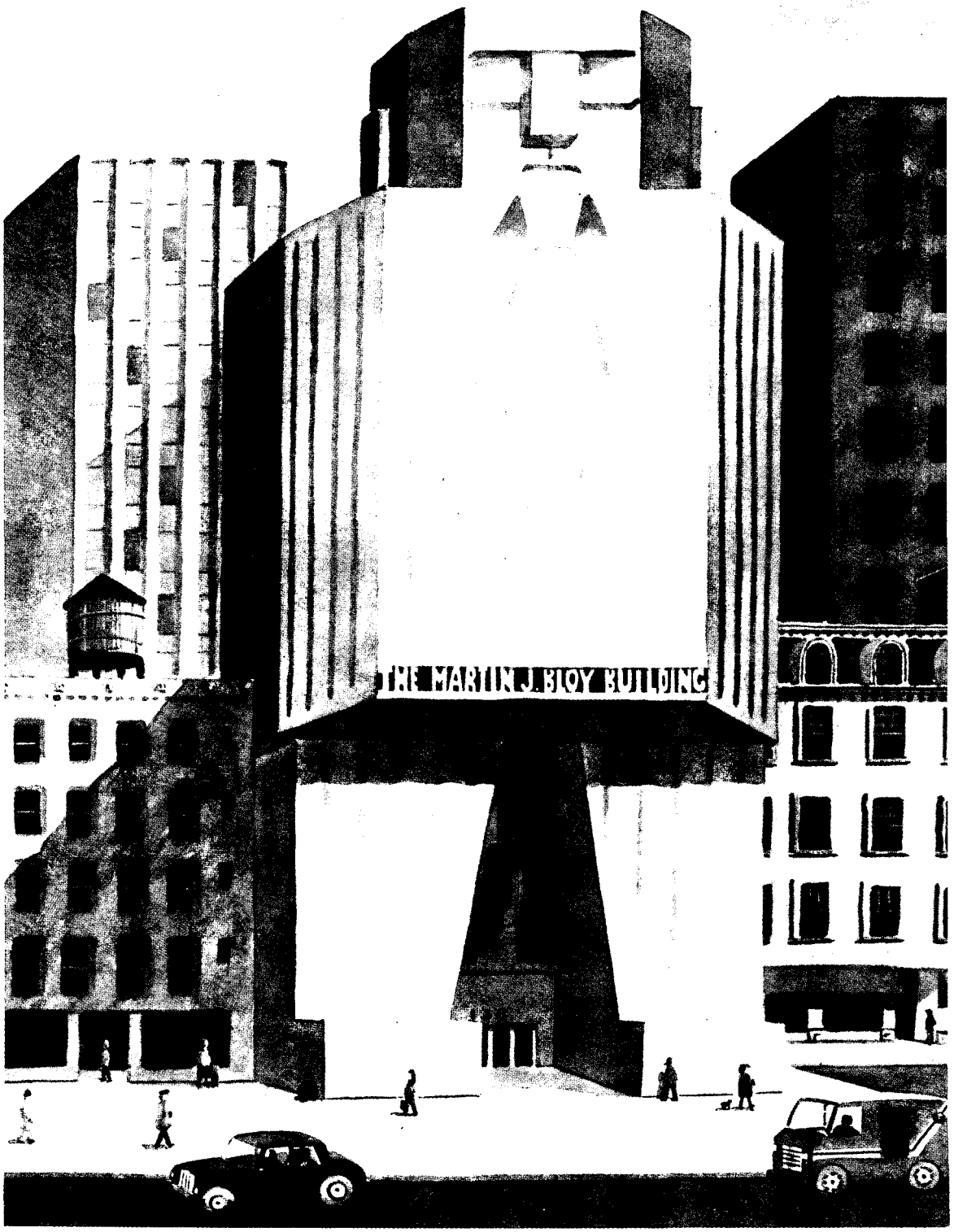

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WHO'S WHO in the Administration

Last month we challenged the conventional wisdom and reported that **Max Friedersdorf,** the president's congressional liaison chief, was not all he had been cracked up to be. Well, lo and behold, Friedersdorf now has another job, and it's a long, long way from the Oval Office. In late November he left the White House for what he called reasons of health and was named consul general to Bermuda.

That might not strike you as such a bad place to perform one's government service, and, indeed, it isn't. But don't confuse Bermuda with regularly briefing the president on how to get his program through Congress. Ambassadorships, as nice as they sound to your aunts and uncles, are with few exceptions positions of little real importance. Earlier this year, for instance, Alexander Haig was trying to figure out how to do something about **John Carbaugh,** the Jesse Helms aide who was orchestrating the Senate opposition to several of Haig's appointments. Haig reportedly offered Carbaugh an ambassadorship to a South American country. Carbaugh, understanding the ploy, refused.

South American nations, by the way, are particularly adept at this form of exile. In those cases where a ruling junta thinks killing an opposition leader might be a trifle extreme, it often simply appoints him ambassador to a country like Belgium where he can't cause much trouble. Richard Nixon employed a similar tactic when he appointed CIA director Richard Helms as ambassador to Iran; it kept him out of Washington but also quiet. Exile is not the goal in all cases, but government officials already in power usually assume it is. One White House aide recounts that at the beginning of the Reagan administration the president was ribbing him a bit and said something to the effect of "If you aren't careful, I'll make you an ambassador." The aide's wife, delighted at the prospect, couldn't figure out why her husband didn't think it was so funny. . . .

In

WHITE HOUSE

Assistant to the President for Legislative Affairs—**Kenneth M. Duberstein** has been deputy undersecretary of labor for legislative and intergovernmental affairs.

Assistant to the President for Political Affairs—**Edward J. Rollins** has been deputy to outgoing political director Lyn Nofziger.

Special Assistant to the President and Director of Speechwriting—**Aram Bakshian, Jr.,** a former Nixon speechwriter, has been special assistant to President Reagan for the arts and humanities.

Chairman, National Productivity Advisory Committee—**William E. Simon** was treasury secretary from 1974 to 1977.

STATE

Ambassador to Bolivia—**Edwin G. Corr** has been ambassador to Peru.

Ambassador to Chile—**James D. Theberge** is a former ambassador to Nicaragua.

Ambassador to the Congo—**Kenneth Lee Brown** has been director of the office of Central African affairs at the State Department.

Ambassador to Norway—**Mark Evans Austad** was vice-president of Metromedia, Inc. and served as ambassador to Finland from 1974 to 1977.

Ambassador to Sri Lanka and Maldives—**John H. Reed** has been director of government relations for the Associated Builders and Contractors, Inc.

Ambassador to Sweden—**Franklin S. Forsberg** has been president of Forsberg and Associates, a New York media business consulting firm.

COMMERCE

Assistant Secretary for Tourism Marketing—**Frederick Bush** was director of the U.S. Travel Service.

DEFENSE

Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Research, Engineering and Systems—**Melvyn R. Paisley** has been vice-president for international relations of Boeing International.

HOUSING AND URBAN DEVELOPMENT

Director, Indian Housing Office—**Edmund R. Carrera** served in the regional housing office in Denver.

JUSTICE

Commissioner of the Immigration and Naturalization Service—**Alan C. Nelson** has been deputy commissioner of the INS.

TREASURY

Director of the Secret Service—**John Simpson** has been assistant director of the Office of Protective Operations.

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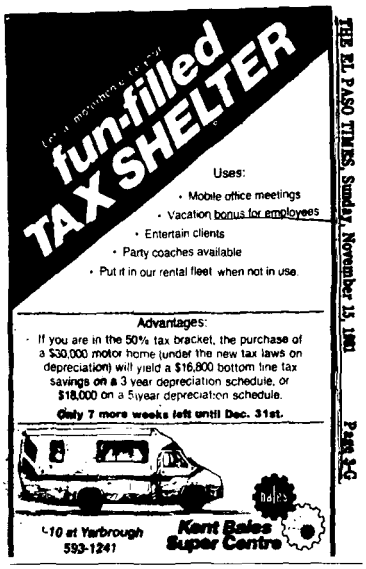
Tidbits & Outrages

Reaganomics Meets Rodeo Drive, Part III



To the left is winner number three in our ongoing contest to determine how the Reagan tax-cut money is *really* being spent. Earlier examples of the highly productive uses to which well-heeled individuals are applying their new wealth include ads for mink coats and for private airplanes ("Reagan's new tax law enabled me to buy my own plane!" the model exclaims). We ask readers to submit further evidence of how the wealthy are investing in the kind of productive enterprise for which the tax-cut revenue was intended.

The studio apartment is handsome, sensitive, and doesn't smoke in bed

The Union Dime Savings Bank of New York recently held a seminar entitled "Real Estate and the New York Woman." The seminar's organizers issued a press release reading "Finding a man used to be a New York woman's number one priority. Now it's finding an apartment, a loft, a living space."

Never Leave the Cities Where the Good Bars Are

According to testimony before the House Subcommittee on Europe and the Middle East, the Agency for International Development employs 110 people in Egypt. One hundred and nine of them live in Cairo. The other one lives in Alexandria.

Make Sure the Dog and Nine Suitcases Go in the Carry-on Compartment

Eastern Airlines' one-way coach fare from Portland, Oregon, to Atlanta, Georgia, is $235. Eastern's fare from Portland to Miami, Florida—a longer trip—is as low as $180. The reason the trip takes longer is not just distance: the Miami flight stops in Atlanta. Smart travelers headed for Atlanta book to Miami and get off at the first stop.

"...and for all of you enslaved at this wee hour behind the Iron Curtain, let America shtand as a shiiining exhample for the..."

At the Radio Free Europe-Radio Liberty canteen in Munich, wine and beer are sold from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. Hard liquor, wine, and beer are sold in coin vending machines 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

A Frown Means He Just Paid His Taxes

Representative Gerald Solomon of New York recently noted that the National Science Foundation awarded a Dartmouth College researcher $58,000 to study faces and how people react to them.

Put $500,000 on the numbers 1-Adam-12

In Rio de Janeiro, the police are opposing a crackdown on the numbers game. The reason: if the racket closed down, they would lose more than $1 million in hush money each month.

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THE BEST AND of the U.S

by Eleanor Randolph

In many ways, the United States Senate is a living, legislating example of the American dream. It embodies the idea, perpetrated in junior-high civics classes by the movie about how Mr. Bill becomes Mr. Law, that anyone can win admission to this exclusive club. The Senate takes all kinds—hard-chargers and wallflowers, wizards and peacocks, good people who bring honesty and resourcefulness to the nation's problems, and snakes and sluggards who don't.

Sitting in the press gallery, leaning over and watching the nation's upper chamber like a bird of prey, one wonders about the wide-eyed high school kids who see a selected ten minutes of the system at work and may have their political philosophy shaped by that brief, random exposure to the process. If the students are lucky, Howard Baker will be there, working the floor quietly before making a short but eloquent speech. Or Teddy Kennedy, his voice heard out in the corridor while they line up for seats, will address some issue no one else would touch without a Gallup poll. Or Alan Simpson, sensing that a once-durable compromise is about to give way to bickering and nasty parliamentary tricks, will unfold his beanpole frame and rise to break the tension. "I did something you hardly ever do around here any more," he's been heard to say to his colleagues in his best Will Rogers style. "I read the bill."

But what happens to the kids' view of the American system if they see Sam Hayakawa dozing at his historic desk? Suppose Howard Metzenbaum begins one of those monologues that can clear the floor faster than a fire drill. Or what if the class is standing innocently in the hallway when Paula Hawkins suggests to a reporter that the assassination attempt on President Reagan is proof that there should be an execution, and the next one should be televised on the nightly news?

Would that the kids and everybody else, for that matter, had some guidance—a sort of report card on the best and worst the Senate has to offer. In the last few months, I have talked to fellow reporters, lobbyists, aides, former senators, possible future senators, political scientists, and others who watch the way Congress works and what it produces. I asked these people to define "best" according to legislative expertise, brainpower, and the ability to articulate and devote attention and original thinking to the nation's most important issues.

I had little trouble defining the worst senators, and neither did my sources. The worst are those who are ineffective, insipid, or downright no good. They not only fail to catch on to the rhythm of American law-making but act in ways that don't exactly bring glory to the institution—

Eleanor Randolph is a reporter in the Washington bureau of The Los Angeles Times.

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THE WORST Senate

or sometimes even the country.

The freshman class of senators ranked as the worst in decades. It isn't that so many in the group are conservative, but that they're narrow. In the mad push to throw a lot of experienced liberal rascals out, the voters let a lot of inexperienced right-wing rascals in. One could argue that while this new group makes wild noises and publicly embarrassing mistakes, the old guys knew the more dangerous art of making laws. But remember that the country is married to this new class, for better or for worse and certainly for six long years. That's more than enough time to learn how to barrel pork and to master other legislative art forms.

My own theory about the 1980 election is that voters were not concerned about the big, gut issues like war or depression or racial hatred. This relatively peaceful period invited those on the bizarre fringes of the American political psyche to move in and make their mark, nudging out the old standard concerns like whether a senator is thoughtful, honest, and experienced enough to protect the home territory.

Former senator George McGovern, who probably had little chance in the 1980 campaign, recalls a moment when two women in a South Dakota grocery story began chastising him for his stand in favor of the Panama Canal Treaty, explaining that he had lost their votes over that one. As they left, McGovern, who virtually launched the food stamp program, saw them pay for groceries with government scrip instead of dollars and knew the race was over.

Still, this new class also included several budding stars—among them Warren Rudman (R-N.H.) and Slade Gorton (R-Wash.), both of whom actually think hard and study the issues before they talk on the subject at hand. Another is Mark Andrews (R-N.Dak.), who has an artful way of bailing people out when they begin stumbling over their questions and losing their trains of thought. Christopher J. Dodd, the new boy-Democrat from Connecticut, is quick and bright and funny, and the good friend of a number of powerful members of the press, which never hurts.

But none of them is a Best yet; it's difficult to be a Best. Russell Long, for instance, won high marks as a man who can weave an amendment into a budget bill so expertly that even Dave Stockman wouldn't notice. Scoop Jackson, minus his chairmanships, is still the last man you'd want to cross in a hearing. And Fritz Hollings is said to have the tenacity of a South Carolina turtle, which, according to lore, won't let go of a finger until lightning strikes it between the eyes. These men might have made the list were it not for a sense that they too often misuse their formidable powers of persuasion: Long's cleverness seems to stop functioning when it comes to public-interest tax legislation, and Jackson and Hollings often fail to see the complexity of defense issues.

Paul Laxalt scored well on many lists as an amiable and effective senator, but his clout may be too much a result of his friendship with another former western governor. Friendship with Reagan isn't much of an issue for Mark Hatfield, a thoughtful and dedicated moderate. But Hatfield has not made very good use of his chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee to challenge the administration on issues like defense spending, which he favors cutting. Alan Cranston and Ted Stevens, both highly rated, serve their parties well as smart and effective whips, but neither has taken the lead he might have in formulating bold new ideas for the future.

Bob Dole also ranked close to the top; he is witty and shrewd. Unfortunately, he also can be mean. Senate aides say that given the choice of working for him, they would prefer building pyramids.

What follows is a list of the senators who somehow managed to survive all the sniping and storytelling—the kings of the competition. After them, the cabbages.

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★ BEST ★

Howard Baker (R-Tenn.)

History tends to treat Senate majority leaders like dinosaurs. They loom large during their careers, then fade. Take the case of one Joseph Robinson, who ran the Senate so well in Franklin Roosevelt's day that no one remembers him now.

A skeptic might predict the same fate for Howard Baker, who wanted to be president but settled

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VINT LAWRENCE

for a job that's often more nursemaid than national leader. Be that as it may, Baker is, by all accounts, the shrewdest, most effective boss this body has seen since Lyndon Johnson in the 1950s. Both Republicans and Democrats offered fulsome praise, many noting the contrast between Baker's Senate and the one that was run by Robert Byrd only a year ago.

The carrot is Baker's schtick, his colleagues explain. He tends to sit down with the holdouts and make his deals gently. "The Senate is a nicer place with Howard than with Byrd," one Democratic senator admits privately. Baker can kick shins when he needs to, but that isn't often. He draws more flies with southern honey. Upon being named majority leader, for example, one of Baker's first moves was to telephone Byrd—who was miserable about losing not only his job but his majestic Capitol office. Baker told the sulking fiddler not to worry, he could keep his office and they'd just swap door nameplates. This may not strike you as bold statesmanship, but it's the kind of grace that moves mountains in the peculiar world of the Senate.

A good way to gauge Baker's power is to look at one of his weaknesses: he is a shameless pork-barreler. Time and again he has gone to the mat on home-state interests like the Clinch River Breeder Reactor and Tennessee-Tombigbee Waterway that wouldn't have a prayer were they located in, say, Connecticut. It is Baker's stature alone that has saved these especially egregious wastes of taxpayers' money. During the days last year when David Stockman was a supremely powerful man in Washington, the budget director desperately wanted to scrap Clinch River and Tenn-Tom, but he didn't dare cross the majority leader.

So far, Baker's toughest task is not carrying White House water on the budget—which he usually does with ease—but keeping control of colleagues who want to monopolize floor debate by arguing over issues like abortion, teenage sex, and school prayer. Although shunned by New Right leaders for his "betrayal" vote in favor of the Panama Canal treaties, Baker somehow managed to convince them to hold their fire for five critical months until the Reagan economic program was safely launched.

Such persuasiveness grows out of more than politics; Baker genuinely hates any sand in the Senate's wheels. As his colleague Alan Simpson puts it, Howard Baker is "the glue and grease" that keep the legislative production line rolling.

Bill Bradley (D-N.J.)

The most important thing to know about Bill Bradley is that he's not just a jock. The former New York Knick won a lot of friends soon after he was elected in 1978 precisely because he did not immediately dribble his first bill onto the Senate floor and try to dazzle the crowds. Instead he spent his time learning the system and studying parliamentary procedure, relishing the

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Senate version of peeling potatoes—those long hours sitting in the chair of the Senate President watching the way the powers cooked up the nation's laws.

Nonetheless, Bradley was the star of his freshman class. In 1979 he accomplished the remarkable feat of beating Russell Long on a couple of windfall profits tax amendments that saved the treasury billions. After the vote, Long strolled over and said, "Bill, you're one fine basketball player, but you don't know a damn thing about compromise." From Long, that may have been the ultimate compliment.

By dint of effort, Bradley has become one of the Senate's most formidable experts on the economy. This year the minority leadership assigned him the task of drafting the Democrats' response to the Reagan economic plan. The results aren't all in yet, but Bradley has already gone beyond rounding up the usual suspect economists. His answers are bold, combining the best of liberal and conservative formulas for increasing productivity. The steady team player who performs well in the clutch is developing something his earlier career lacked—brilliant new moves.

Peter V. (Pete) Domenici (R-N.Mex.)

There is an unwritten law in the Senate that a politician's worth can be gauged by the amount of noise generated when he rises to speak. When James Abdnor takes the floor, for example, the sound of rustling papers and people going back to their business is deafening. When Pete Domenici decides to say something, the Senate bestows its ultimate compliment—complete silence.

Not long ago Domenici was an unknown face in the Senate—one of those people amateurs had trouble identifying at first sight. Was he the one who took a lead in the Panama Canal treaty debates? No, that was DeConcini. Did he lose to Gary Hart in 1974? No, that was Peter Dominick.

Those days are past. Domenici is a power in this Senate, partly because he goes about his business with a quiet grace that is unusual in a body of a hundred politicians, and partly because the budget committee, of which he is now chairman, has a lineup of mostly inexperienced Republicans who have had the good sense to defer to him on the big ones.

One day during the budget reconciliation process last summer, Domenici was meeting with Howard Baker, Orrin Hatch, and Ted Kennedy. Things were going well until Kennedy asked to be excused to go to his Capitol hideaway office to make a few calls to other Democrats to solicit opinions on the Republican offers.

Hatch, a bishop in the Mormon Church and a power in the newly rightist Senate, looked stunned. "You have a Capitol office?" Hatch gasped. "I don't have a Capitol office and I'm the chairman of the [Labor and Human Resources] committee."

There was an embarrassed silence until Domenici sent for his secretary and said, "Here, Orrin, here's the key to *my* Capitol hideaway. It's now *your* Capitol hideaway."

Hatch replied, "Can I go take a look at it first?"

Like Baker, Domenici is a thoughtful conervative in a nest full of doctrinaire birds.

Gary Hart (D-Colo.)

There aren't many funny stories to be told about Gary Hart. That doesn't mean he's boring, just diligent, contemplative, and no-nonsense.

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Hart makes the list both because he's effective in pushing his views and because he's one of the few senators—on either side of the aisle—who is trying to think out national issues in a genuinely new way.

The best example of an issue where Hart rejects the dogma of both the left and the right in favor of a provocative yet sensible position is on national defense. Hart rejects the "less is better" of the left and the "bigger is better" of the right in favor of making sure that the money that *is* spent on defense gets spent on weapons that really work—an issue that has never concerned the Senate as much as it should. This way of thinking (and it applies to other issues) is becoming more fashionable now (Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts is another thoughtful "neo-liberal"), but Hart deserves credit for first bringing it to the Senate. (For more details see "Should This Man Be President?," by Robert M. Kaus, *The Washington Monthly,* October 1981.)

Edward M. Kennedy (D-Mass.)

Last year, many senators viewed Teddy Kennedy as their absolutely last choice for president; even liberal members wouldn't rally around when the primaries began. But if you ask these same people, liberals and conservatives, who's on their list of best *senators,* Kennedy's name is always there.

It's not just his great staff, which for years has been getting all the credit; it's his attitude toward the job. He is energetic and adroit, he works hard at mastering the details of government, and he never gets discouraged when he loses, which he does often. In fact, long odds tend to rally him, spurring him to an eloquence he seldom seems to muster when he's off the Senate floor.

Many people assume Kennedy does nothing in the Senate but set out in his schooner to sail against the wind, showing the flag for liberalism by railing against food stamp cuts or defense spending. And indeed he *is* willing to stand alone, though this isn't the act of political courage his most arduous backers make it out to be (liberalism will never be anathema in Massachusetts). But the real reason Kennedy qualifies for inclusion on this list is that despite his decidedly leftist credentials, he is often able to win his way in this very conservative Senate.

Those even further left than Kennedy might call it a Faustian bargain, but the Last Liberal sat down with none other than Strom Thurmond and hammered out a compromise on a new criminal code that has now been reported out of the Judiciary Committee. Kennedy knew that some form of criminal code revision would pass the Senate this year, and he was smart enough to deal for whatever he could get. Meanwhile, over at the Committee on Labor and Human Resources, where he is the ranking Democrat, Kennedy has cultivated enough swing-vote Republicans to frequently prevail over chairman Orrin Hatch.

Occasionally, Kennedy opposes the solution of more government spending (he was against synfuels projects that neo-liberals Hart and Tsongas supported), but on the whole he has been too indifferent to the problem of big government. All the same, the man Jimmy Carter's aides described as "the fat, rich kid" is living that one down. Twenty years ago, Kennedy's first opponent said that if his name were Edward Moore, he wouldn't be a senator. A sensible update on that comment might be that if his name were Edward Moore, people might stop encouraging him to make another futile run for the legacy and start appreciating that he does a very solid job just where he is now.

Richard G. Lugar (R-Ind.)

Richard Lugar, who once shaved the points off his rooftop eyebrows because a political adviser said they made him look demonic, is smart, capable, and oddly quiet for a politician. Although Richard Nixon almost devastated his early career by suggesting that Lugar was his favorite mayor (Indianapolis), he has managed to become an important and respected conservative force.

Like other good senators, Lugar has a sober sense of responsibility that can make him exceedingly dull, but it is often the kind of dullness that comes from having mastered the details of a technical subject. He is willing to bring such thought-

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ful appreciation of the fine points even to issues that don't relate to Indiana, like the New York City aid package, which he helped design. Lugar also did the nation and his state a great service in 1976—he relieved the Senate of Vance Hartke.

Alan K. Simpson (R-Wyo.)

When Alan Simpson was loping along the campaign trail towards his Senate seat in 1978, he found himself at a debate of sorts in which his opponent had first shot at the microphone. The Democratic candidate began ranting about what a vile person Simpson was, what a terrible record he had, how he was unfit for public office, how he would go to Washington and spread a new form of political leprosy. It was one of the hottest speeches that a Wyoming audience had heard in a long time, and when the Democrat finished, his

faced flushed and the audience silenced, the spotlight turned to Simpson. Simpson, who always looks slightly apologetic anyway, might have been expected on this night to have tucked his tail between his legs and scurried back to his law practice in Cody for good. Instead he stepped to the mike and responded in his slow, cowpoke voice, "Spirited rascal, ain't he?"

Friends of Simpson say, however, that he wants to be known as a man of humor who isn't merely a humorist—as more of a Mark Twain than a Mark Russell. He has a reputation as a hard worker, often staying up as late as 2 a.m. and then coming back to the office in the morning for breakfasts of eggs, bacon, and lobbyist du jour.

Simpson recalled some time ago that when he first arrived at the Senate, he kept running head-on into Edmund Muskie, who was then chairman of the Senate Budget Committee and who has a legendary temper.

"The first three months here, he cut me off at the pockets, so I decided, 'Wait a minute, I get my say too in this league,' and I gave it my all and lost my butt on the issue," Simpson explained.

"That led to an incident where Ed and I got on the same elevator and he said, 'Well, Simpson, you're going to do all right here. To be a good senator you've got to be about half son-of-a-bitch, and I see you are.'"

Simpson's other half is extremely likable, and that is an asset in one's first term in the Senate. Being amiable and funny counts in Washington, because if people really like you they will not be as ugly about it when you fail.

Simpson, son of a former Wyoming senator (Millard Simpson), won friends from the beginning because after a few months in Washington he did not return home and pretend he wasn't a part of the government mess. Instead, he opened one speech by saying, "I was told you wanted to hear the latest dope straight from Washington." The audience waited expectantly. "So here I am."

Robert Stafford (R-Vt.)

Until this session, Stafford, a moderate Rockefeller Republican, was a senatorial bump on a log. He was appointed to fill a vacancy in 1971 and wasn't noticed much for years afterwards. But recently Stafford's quiet thoughtfulness has come to the fore, and now that he's chairman of the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee, he has become one of the most influential members of the Senate.

Like other moderate Republicans, Stafford sometimes opposes the administration on issues,

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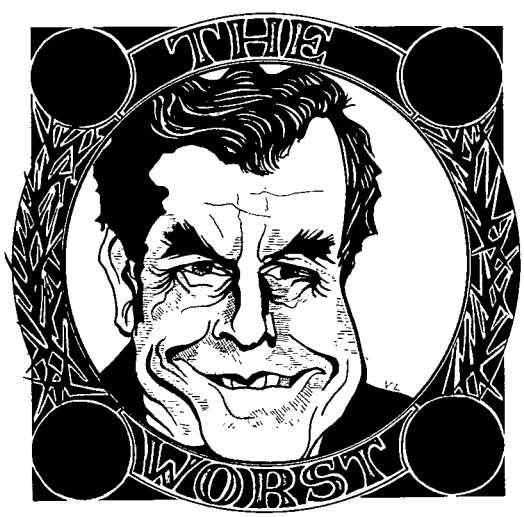
but unlike most of the others, he has been able to do something about it. When Reagan tried to condense many existing health and education programs into block grants, the quiet Vermonter rounded up the votes to beat him. And when the administration tried to strip down the Clean Air Act, Stafford, an environmentalist, whisked it through his committee like Fred Astaire. This is the mark of an effective diplomat. And a nice one at that.

THE WORST

Jeremiah Denton (R-Ala.)

Jeremiah Denton, a bright man who was a rear admiral in the U.S. navy, has a habit of spooning his intellect into a funnel: all of the force of his brainpower comes out in a narrow, constant series of obsessions. He is obsessed with terrorism; he is obsessed with teenage sex; he is obsessed with morality and especially with immorality; he is obsessed with communists.



Recently when Denton was pushing for teenage chastity centers, someone asked him what he meant by juvenile promiscuity, whether he meant patent leather shoes or petting above the waist or steaming up the windows at the drive-in or It. Denton said, "I'm not talking about scratching where it tickles; I'm talking about screwing."

His former aides say Denton sees the Senate much the same way the Crusaders saw their march to the Holy Land. There will be no loitering on Denton's political trek through Washington, and there are those who suspect that the combination of senatorial pressures and the pressures he puts on himself makes him a political tinderbox. Aides report that the first day on the job, Denton told his staff that they had only six years to complete their mission, and they were not to do anything but push the causes of morality, family life, and anti-Communism. The decision proved to be a disaster. During his first month in office, staff members didn't answer the phones, didn't return mail promptly, didn't have time for the ordinary calls from people who hadn't received their social security checks. Even today Denton has trouble fulfilling such minimal requirements of being a senator.

Denton went through a harrowing seven and a half years as a prisoner of war in North Vietnam and deserves a very great measure of sympathy, but his behavior is unnerving nonetheless. A few months ago he startled a hearing on terrorism by announcing midway through the event that he had received a call from a Huntsville, Alabama, TV station asking him if he was wearing a bulletproof vest. To prove he wasn't, Denton did something that doesn't reflect well on his campaign against temptations of the flesh—he unbuttoned his shirt and bared his chest.

Paula Hawkins (R-Fla.)

On first encountering Paula Hawkins in action at a committee hearing or a political gathering, one is struck by the thought that this woman is wrestling with herself, trying to decide whether she wants to be smart or cute, a genuine senator or Betty Boop. While her peers pontificate or drone on around her in Senate gatherings, Hawkins bats her eyelashes, puckers her lips mischievously, and says the kinds of outrageous things that would be absolutely adorable if those naughty old reporters didn't take it all down and print it for truth.

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Her most famous encounter was at a luncheon for agriculture secretary John Block where she served New York strip steak, fresh asparagus, strawberries, and hot apple pie, then delivered a ten-minute tirade against the "truly greedy," who should be thrown in jail for cheating on their food stamps. For hungry reporters watching the meal, the irony was delicious, and two of the toughest journalists on the Hill, CBS's Phil Jones and NBC's Tom Pettit, wanted to know afterwards who had paid for the lunch. Hawkins began cooing and tossing off flirtatious answers that had always worked in the past, except that this time they didn't.

Increasingly flustered, Hawkins answered five times that she had coughed up the money herself, written a check from her personal funds. Then when somebody wanted to know how much the check was for, she explained that she didn't know because she had not yet received the bill. Written a check before she had received a bill? This woman is voting on the federal budget? This woman once ran a successful vitamin company?

Well, she backtracked, I never said I had written a check. Ten reporters rewound their tape recorders.

As *Miami Herald* reporter Tom Fiedler put it, over the years "truth to Paula has become elastic, something that could be stretched without damage." For example, during her 1980 Senate campaign she listed on her resume a degree from the Armed Forces War College. In fact, she had merely attended a two-week seminar there.

Hawkins is militantly fluffy and anti-feminist. She recently befuddled Senate Agriculture Chairman Jesse Helms when he was trying to praise her proposal to put people who cheat on food stamps in jail with other hardened criminals.

"Attaboy, senator," Helms said. Then sensing the wrong in there somewhere, he stammered, "Atta, uh, girl . . . person . . . what are you, anyway?"

"I'm not a person," Hawkins huffed. "I'm a lady."

For all the perfume and lace, however, Hawkins can play rough. When an aide to Edward Kennedy called to remind her that Kennedy was expecting her in his office for a business lunch, Hawkins shot back that as chairman of the Agricultural Credit and Rural Electrification Subcommittee she should choose the site of the midday meal, and she chose her office instead.

Floridians who know Hawkins suggest that residents of the nation's capital would do well not to underestimate her. She is one tough sugar cookie, they say, and before long she may learn the Senate rules. But in the meantime colleagues find Hawkins excruciating. She takes up time in hearings explaining how the voice of the people—often that of the taxi driver who took her to work—has formulated her views on the issue at hand.

Democratic Representative Dante Fascell of Miami recalls going as the Florida delegate to an event and looking around for a seat. When a colleague noted there was an empty chair beside Hawkins, Fascell, who had a blood clot several months ago that required doctors to drill holes in his skull to relieve the pressure, said, "Even with three holes in my head, I'm not that crazy."

Anyone inspiring that kind of relationship with her home-state colleagues can't be doing a very good job representing her constituents. And when she tries to help Florida, it's often inappropriate. In October she interrupted a debate on nuclear proliferation in Pakistan to make certain her colleagues remembered that it was Florida Day. She explained that Florida is the land of beautiful beaches, lovely seafood, and so much citrus that "the cans of orange juice alone squeezed each year would reach from the earth to the moon or around the earth nine times." Later she explained at a reception given by the Florida delegation that "we wanted people to know Florida has more than just sinkholes and refugees." Indeed, Florida also has Paula Hawkins.

S. I. Hayakawa (R-Calif.)

In spite of the stressful job of being a senator, it cannot be said that Sam Hayakawa has trouble sleeping. In fact, as virtually everyone knows by now, he has trouble not sleeping. He has so much trouble that he asked doctors some time ago

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whether he is suffering from narcolepsy—the disease that makes people suddenly drop off to sleep in the strangest places, like the Oval Office. Although the doctors said no, Hayakawa told *Los Angeles Times* reporter Ellen Hume some months ago that he has a prescription for Dexedrine to keep him awake for such events as State of the Union messages, when an entire nation of television viewers might otherwise spot the junior senator from California slumped in his customary laid-back pose.

Thus chemically fortified, Hayakawa is learning that for all the grief he gets about a little snooze here or there, he gets in more trouble when he's awake. After napping through a White House briefing with President Carter, Hayakawa shook off the cobwebs for the press by suggesting that gas prices should rise to $2 or $3 a gallon to cut energy use. When somebody asked what that would do to the poor, Hayakawa answered, "The poor don't need gas because they're not working." Last June, in explaining why he voted against a special exemption for senior citizens on food stamp eligibilities, Hayakawa said, "The elderly eat less."

It must be said of this 75-year-old man that he was a brilliant semanticist whose reputation has taken on a dull edge since he moved out of academia and into the Senate. Hayakawa is known among aides, lobbyists, and reporters as a man whose legislation is notoriously sloppy, who seldom convenes his subcommittee on forestry, water resources, and environment, and who still has trouble mastering some of the rudimentary details of his job six years after he started it.

At a hearing on the Golden Trout Wilderness, Hayakawa repeatedly referred to Senator Alan Cranston as the senior senator from Montana while aides frantically hissed that the senator in question was from Hayakawa's home state, you know, California.

At a hearing in Los Angeles in August, Hayakawa said that the financial demands of Japanese Americans herded into concentration camps in World War II filled him with "shame and embarrassment." Calling their detention a military necessity, Hayakawa said that many led "trouble-free and relatively happy lives."

Hayakawa got his start in public life because of then-governor Ronald Reagan, who was looking for someone to give San Francisco State University a bath and a haircut. When Reagan asked who should be president of San Francisco State, Hayakawa's name came up. "Who the hell is Hayakawa?" Reagan was supposed to have asked. On being told that Hayakawa had tough ideas about campus radicals and was a Japanese-American, Reagan said, "Tell him if he takes the job, we'll forgive him for Pearl Harbor."

If you can tell anything about a man by the jokes told about him, here's Hayakawa's:

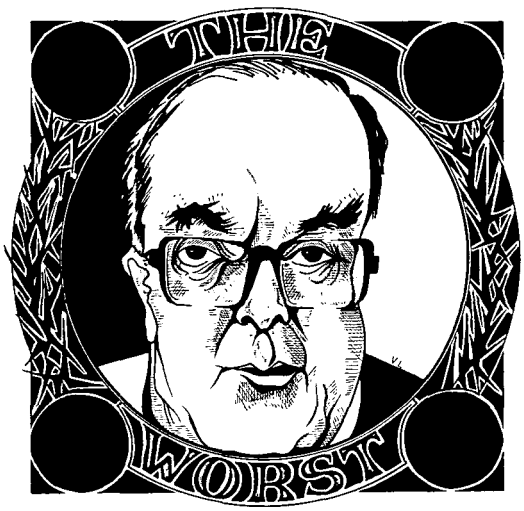
"Did you hear who Hayakawa is sleeping with these days?"

"No, who?"

"The entire U.S. Senate."

Jesse A. Helms (R-N.C.)

Helms could charm a southerner out of his last Moon Pie, but that doesn't keep him from reigning as the chief bully of the Senate. Such meanness makes him a lot less effective than he's cracked up to be by the press. For instance, Helms had to rely on the GOP leadership to shepherd the tobacco supports through last fall



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because he and his sidekick, John P. East (R-N.C.), had left a trail of venom through the Senate by verbally roughing up their colleagues during the August recess.

According to Senate aides, many senators were hornet mad that their two North Carolina colleagues had been back home explaining, among other things, how Senator Thomas Eagleton (D-Mo.) was wacko and Representative Fred Richmond (D-N.Y.) had been arrested for sexual problems.

One late night in the Capitol, Eagleton and a friend were on a Senate elevator when the door opened and East, who is confined to a wheelchair, rolled aboard.

"I'm confused," Eagleton's buddy said loudly and mischievously. "Are you the homo or the nut?"

"I don't know. Ask this guy, maybe he knows," Eagleton replied, pointing to East.

East reportedly paled, then blushed, then, when the door opened, wheeled away in an inglorious blaze of dust.

Perhaps more important than dragging East into his own snake-pit brand of politics, Helms belongs on the list of the Senate's worst for his views towards what he calls "so-called civil rights." It's easy to forget that the Senate still contains at least one bona fide racist. Despite a large black population in North Carolina, Helms has no blacks on his staff because, as he explained to *The Wall Street Journal* in July, "you find me a conservative, competent black." The senior senator has a special term for blacks that he uses with staff and friends. He calls them "Freds." But Helms doesn't feel much kinder toward the rest of humanity. Recently, he vowed to filibuster a treaty before the Senate. The treaty would outlaw genocide.

Gordon J. Humphrey (R-N.H.)

Gordon Humphrey came to the Senate three years ago with the blessings of journalism's mad hatter, the late William Loeb, with the endorsement of his state's former governor, Meldrim Thomson (who proposed nuking protestors and who once arrested a constituent for giving him the finger), and with the votes of 133,745 residents of New Hampshire who decided, for reasons that are still difficult to understand, that they should be represented by a former Allegheny Airlines copilot.

Humphrey, the love child of the anti-abortion movement in New Hampshire, is so out of his

BLABBERMOUTHS
Lowell Weicker
Howard Metzenbaum
Joseph Biden
Alphonse D'Amato
William Proxmire
Larry Pressler

NASTIES
Jesse Helms
John Tower
Bob Dole
Steve Symms

NEED AMERICAN EXPRESS CARDS
Thad Cochran
George Mitchell
Mack Mattingly
Frank Murkowski
John Melcher
Arlen Specter
Quentin Burdick

WOMEN
Paula Hawkins
Nancy Kassebaum

BLACKS

FUTURE LICENSE PLATE MAKERS?
Harrison Williams
Howard Cannon
Alphonse D'Amato
Steve Symms

BETTER WITH YA THAN AGIN' YA
Russell Long
Bob Dole
Henry Jackson
Ernest Hollings
Robert Byrd
Alan Cranston
Ted Stevens
Sam Nunn
Paul Laxalt
Wendell Ford

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depth that he doesn't even know how to go about pushing his right-wing causes. For instance, he made a big push to get on the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee early in his term because he wanted to roll back the windfall profits tax on oil companies. Unfortunately, it was only after his wish was granted by the Republican leadership that Humphrey realized that windfall profits were the domain of the Finance Committee.

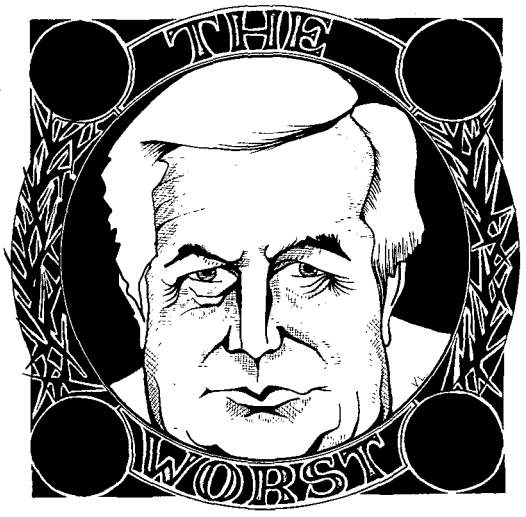
The Granite State's senior senator has an unusual approach to international security. On his desk the 41-year-old former air force pilot keeps a decorated model of a P-40 fighter, the kind used by Major General Claire Chennault's Flying Tigers in World War II. When asked about the model Humphrey told a reporter that it was given to him by officials in Taiwan. He assured the Taiwanese that although he was too young to be a Flying Tiger, "I will use my desk in the Senate as a P-40 in defense of Taiwan."

Humphrey, who has trouble getting good press even in *The Manchester Union-Leader,* also has trouble keeping a full battery of aides. He's had at least five press secretaries since taking office. One reason is that he never does much. He does not want to be disturbed until 10 a.m., while he reads *The Wall Street Journal* stock by stock. Sometimes Humphrey receives stock quotations hourly—jotting down results from the morning markets while his fellow senators are busy in committee. But if Humphrey doesn't act as a senator should, he sure knows how to look like one: he learned early that if he purchased his suits from Neiman-Marcus, the Neiman's salesmen would come to his office, parading their wares before him like humble drummers of yore.

Staff members and reporters view Humphrey as a pilot in a perpetual ground fog with his instruments down. As one network correspondent said recently, "On the one hand it seems unfortunate that this man is in the U.S. Senate, but on the other hand, look at the bright side. He's no longer in the cockpit."

Roger W. Jepsen (R-Iowa)

If states like Louisiana, Oregon, and Massachusetts somehow ended up with two senators



who are both pretty good at their jobs, Iowa is stuck with two senators privately referred to in the halls of the Senate as "Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dumber." In some ways, such a characterization is unfair to Charles E. Grassley, a Republican, who was elected in 1980 to replace a parlor favorite in the nation's capital, John Culver. Grassley has a sort of slop-the-hogs manner about him that makes most people think of him as slower than a threshing machine on a four-lane highway, but it's Jepsen, the picture of perfect pinstriped tidiness, who comes out on the shorter end of Iowa's short senatorial stick.

It's hard to be even a passable senator if you can't speak and think with at least a trace of clarity. In an abortion debate in the summer of 1979, for example, Jepsen said, "There has been much talk here this afternoon about the law of the land. We are the makers of the law of the land, and makers of the law of the land ought to understand and respect the law of the land." Who could argue with that?

Jepsen, who has taken on such tough issues as turtle farming in the West Indies, has spent a great deal of time fighting off allegations that South African money went into his campaign in

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1978, but a Justice Department investigation into the matter was recently dropped. The timing of the dropped charges raised eyebrows on Capitol Hill because it came at about the same time that Jepsen suddenly decided to switch his vote to support Reagan on the AWACs sale to Saudi Arabia.

Most Senate insiders, however, felt that no such deal was made by the White House because none was really necessary. Jepsen changed his vote, which he originally defended on religious grounds, after White House aides badgered him, cajoled him, and finally told him that he could vote as he wanted on AWACs, but the president could also freeze him out politically. As one White House aide told John Hyde of *The Des Moines Register,* "We stood him up in front of an open grave and said he could jump in if he wanted to."

Jepsen then had the embarrassing task of explaining how a religious conviction can somehow become less compelling overnight. His solution was to say on the Senate floor that the president had given him secret information that had turned him around. To which Joseph Biden suggested that the Senate go into executive session so that Jepsen could share the news with other senators who were bucking the president's proposed sale.

By the end of the week, the standard joke in the Senate was that Jepsen had finally made a deal with the White House on AWACs. Jepsen would give the president his vote, and the president would give Iowa the MX missile.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan (D-N.Y.)

Several years ago, in one of his many essays for *The New York Times,* Pat Moynihan plucked a Disraeli quote out of journalistic obscurity and elevated it to the lead of his article. "Few ideas are correct ones, and none can ascertain which they are," the prime minister said, "but it is with words we govern men." Disraeli used the quote in a novel; Moynihan apparently believes it.

In a working body that makes laws, not merely statements, Moynihan is a quick man with a quote. He seems to rise to almost any oratorical occasion, pirouetting around an issue in a manner that delights the press and the public. But after the exquisite fluff of the moment—after he has wafted into a hearing where there are television lights and delivered himself of a brief, often incongruous statement on federalism or George Orwell—Moynihan is just as suddenly gone. The spectators are dazzled, but the senators and aides who watch him every day realize that once again the good senator from New York has not done his homework.

This is a serious indictment, not only of a former college professor but of a senator. He's not the only member of the Senate suffering from such a malady, but he is certainly the most talented of the afflicted, and that's why he makes this list. It's like watching a Rudolf Nureyev who has stayed the night at Elaine's or a Pavarotti who refuses to perform the mundane task of

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memorizing the music. Here is this brilliant, witty, scholarly man, and he has accomplished virtually nothing substantial in five years in the Senate.

Moynihan's problem, as one former staff member put it, is that he is "scared of committing himself in any demonstrable direction." The intellectual faddism has its endearingly leprechaunic qualities—Moynihan was a neo-conservative when that was anathema and has dropped that pose now that it's fashionable—but the bluster with which he contradicts himself is startling nonethless. Much of Moynihan's old staff is now in the Reagan administration, while his new aides are George McGovern liberals, trotting the boss out to rant in support of domestic programs he was slashing to ribbons only a few years ago in articles for *The Public Interest.*

But worse than that, Moynihan doesn't have much sense of the rhythm of the Senate; his quick, acerbic comments have a way of destroying consensus or effective inquiry. At a hearing of the Environment and Public Works Committee last fall, for instance, Environmental Protection Agency administrator Anne Gorsuch was being grilled for supporting budget cuts that most members of the committee felt would seriously maim the agency. In several hours of testimony, other members slowly built a case against Gorsuch's policy, driving home the point that contrary to Gorsuch's protests the EPA could not do its job when so hampered.

Then in came Moynihan, eyebrows leaping and cherubic lips pursed. First he asked the EPA chief when she planned to resign, when she thought this cutting of EPA's funds would be too much even for her. Gorsuch, not one to lose her temper, coolly thanked Moynihan for his confidence in her sense of honor. The sympathy in the room, however, was still running high against Gorsuch until Moynihan began leaning over the senators' table and asking her about the "Soooopah fund," as he pronounced the Superfund law that doles out funds to communities with toxic-waste problems.

"You have HEARD of Superfund, haven't you?" Moynihan said sarcastically. "Your staff has TOLD you about Superfund, haven't they?"

Other Democratic senators looked down in embarrassment, and Gorsuch, recognizing that she was getting a rush of sympathy because of this treatment, took a deep breath of relief and simply said, "Yes, senator."

Moynihan's mercurial temperament rarely serves him well. One day a couple of years ago he found the Senate elevator broken while en route to a vote and stood screaming, "Help me! Help me!" at the top of his prodigious lungs until Capitol police, fearing a terrorist attack, hustled him out of the building and finally over to the floor in a squad car.

That wasn't the only vote he missed. Moynihan is not in the top rank of absentee senators, but he clearly prefers the parlors of erudite society to the cloakrooms of his place of employment. During one New York excursion last year, the impish senator opted for a banquet in the city instead of eight recorded budget votes.

Moynihan could be one of the Best if he didn't believe the job was so beneath him.

Claiborne Pell (D-R.I.)

Claiborne Pell, a stilted and formal man whose nickname in catty circles is "Stillborn," would have been better suited to a life peerage and a decorous term in the House of Lords. An archetypal Yankee who is the ranking Democrat on the Foreign Relations Committee, Pell has made a contribution during his 21 years in the Senate—particularly to the arts and education—but it is not a significant one.

TWELFTH ANNUAL POLITICAL BOOK AWARD

The Washington Monthly will present the Annual Political Book Award to the book published in 1981 that best explores the processes and values of the institutions that govern America.

The winner will be announced in the Annual Political Book issue in March. Nominations will close on January 20, 1982. Please send two copies of each book to:

Book Award
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Pell seldom makes an aggressive case for his views because his slow, patrician manner has the effect of baiting opposition, which usually lays waste to him before he realizes what has happened. When Pell objected to a former military man taking a job involving arms control a few years ago, Ernest Hollings stood to object, then asked for permission to leave for another hearing with "General Goldwater, General Cannon, Colonel Glenn," and a long list of other former military men who have since taken up command of the Senate.

But Pell bears the brunt of his colleagues' jokes for good reason. He has been known to silence a roomful of people discussing important national issues by mentioning that he was blessed with a wonderful nanny.

One reporter, explaining how Pell seems far away from ordinary concerns, recalled a rainy campaign trip several years ago when Pell asked an aide for a pair of "rubbers" to keep his feet dry. The aide rushed over to the nearest Thom McAn store, purchased a pair of galoshes, and brought them back to the senator. At the end of the day, Pell peeled off the worn black overshoes and handed them back to the aide, asking, "Where did these come from?"

"Thom McAn," answered the assistant.

"That's nice," said Pell, always gracious. "Please thank Tom for me." □

continued from page 28

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Civil Rights Commission
Chairman—**Clarence Pendleton** is president of the Urban League of San Diego.

General Services Administration
Commissioner of the Public Building Service—**Richard O. Haase** was president of the Richard O. Haase realty firm in Washington.

Legal Services Corporation
Chairman of the Board of Commissioners—**Ronald A. Zumbrun** is former president of the Pacific Legal Foundation of San Diego.

National Endowment for the Humanities
Chairman—**William J. Bennett** was director of the National Humanities Center in North Carolina.

"OH, OH, OH. In case you missed it, Miss Zerna Sharp, creator of Dick and Jane and See Spot Run, has passed away in Frankfort, Indiana, at 91. Dick and Jane. Taught kids. To speak. And think. In two. Or three. Word. Mon o syl lab ic. Sentences. For forty. -Five years. It seemed. Like a good. Idea at. The time. R.I.P."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review, write to Dept. W-10. 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

Overseas Private Investment Corporation
Director—**Maurice Stans,** convicted of violating campaign financing laws during Watergate, served as secretary of commerce under Richard Nixon.

Out

WHITE HOUSE

Assistant to the President for Legislative Affairs—**Max L. Friedersdorf** has resigned to become U.S. consul general to Bermuda.

Assistant to the President for Political Affairs—**Lyn Nofziger** will open a political consulting firm.

DEFENSE

Deputy Navy Commander for Nuclear Propulsion in the Naval Seas System Command—**Hyman J. Rickover, Jr.,** will become the presidential adviser on nuclear science.

TREASURY

Director of the Secret Service—**H. Stuart Knight** will be special assistant to the deputy director of the U.S. Treasury.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Chairman, Civil Rights Commission—**Arthur Fleming** was fired shortly before the commission issued a report critical of the administration's efforts to desegregate schools.

Commissioner, Immigration and Naturalization Service—**Norman Braman** will return to Florida to devote more time to his automobile dealership.

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Memo of the Month

IN REPLY REFER TO:
1750 (650)

United States Department of the Interior

BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20240

September 23, 1981

Instruction Memorandum No. 81-709
Expires 9/30/82

To: All Employees

From: Director

Subject: Discussion of Bureau Programs, Legislation, and Budget

In the past few months many of you have been asked for your opinion on Department or Bureau management decisions, legislation introduced in the United States Congress and State legislatures, and budget proposals.

This is a reminder that it is inappropriate for a Bureau employee to express personal opinions in response to these requests, if they differ from the Administration position, or to volunteer personal opinions on any issues that involve the Bureau of Land Management or the Department, if the employee indicates in any way that he/she is employed by the Bureau, or uses Bureau stationery or otherwise gives the impression that the opinion reflects Administration position.

There is only one position on legislation, budget, or programs of the Bureau and that is the Administration's as established by the Secretary and cleared by the Office of Management and Budget. Particularly with regard to the budget, regardless of whether you believe an allowance is adequate or not, the figures you received represent the position of the President and the Secretary and we support them. Further, no budget figures may be discussed except those included in the President's Budget (Justifications) after it is officially transmitted to Congress in early January.

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ILLUSTRATION BY ANN GERACIMOS

THE NEW PATRIOTISM

by Nicholas Lemann

I was born in 1954, which makes me, I suppose, a member of the post-Vietnam generation. Here is how the war directly touched my life: I registered for the draft when I turned 18, and the following year I was given the lottery number of six. I remember summoning forth in myself at the time some mixture of panic and self-pity, but given the capacities of a 19-year-old in that department it was pretty half-hearted. It was 1973, and I knew in my heart that I wasn't going to be called. I filed a perfunctory request with my draft board for conscientious objector status because that was what one did, and was turned down. As I recall, the draft board said that my application seemed to be born out of convenience. That was perfectly true—I didn't object—and a few weeks later the draft was ended. That's my experience with the Vietnam war.

Nicholas Lemann is executive editor of The Texas Monthly *and a contributing editor of* The Washington Monthly. *This article is adapted from* The Wounded Generation: America After Vietnam, *edited by A. D. Horne and published by Prentice-Hall. Copyright 1981 by The Washington Post Company.*

But of course there is more to it than that. Mostly because of Vietnam and the attitudes it produced toward military service, of all my friends and acquaintances of my own age, only one has been in the armed forces. He left college to join the marines, and everybody said it was just because he was having an identity crisis. I grew up with a complete ignorance of and hostility toward the American military. When I was a teenager I assumed without even thinking about it that there was something wrong, even pathologically wrong, with anyone who was in the service. Soon after I started working as a reporter I was assigned a story about the army, and I remember the first officer I interviewed looking at me in amazement when I asked him which was the higher rank, captain or major.

There is more to it than that. Mostly because of Vietnam, I grew up regarding every American president in my lifetime as a war criminal. Eisenhower was a general—what further proof was needed? Kennedy got us into Vietnam. Johnson started the escalation and the bombing. Nixon said he had a secret plan to end the war and then

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kept it going for five years after his election. Naturally this attitude on my part logically extended itself so that I also believed, as did my friends, that America could do nothing right; that it was a force of evil in the world; that, therefore, the country's leadership was also stupid and venal (hadn't it produced all those evil presidents?); and that the whole idea of order and authority was probably wrong, too. I can remember two political events in college that caused people to go out in the streets on warm nights, whooping and yelling with joy: the resignation of President Nixon and the fall of the government of South Vietnam to the Communists.

Unlike many older people, I am not someone to whom the idea that our country and its dominant institutions were deeply and fundamentally flawed was a dramatic revelation. It was what I grew up on. My first political memory is of the principal of my school calling an assembly to tell us that the Cubans might send missiles our way. My second political memory is of the principal calling us together again a year later to tell us that President Kennedy had been killed. I cannot remember having any perception of the Vietnam war other than that it was a bad war that we were losing. I cannot remember ever not thinking of the incumbent president as a failure. And I should stress that I grew up in a conservative southern city rather than some hotbed of chic anti-Americanism. Most of my childhood friends are now businessmen and housewives, radical by no stretch of the imagination. What makes us all enormously different from our parents is not the way we live our lives but the assumptions that lie behind the way we live—not patriotism but cynicism. Everything is pretty much the same on the surface. Underneath, everything is different. We have no center. Our parents did.

This is not completely the fault of Vietnam. For a variety of reasons, a setting was created in the years following World War II through which Vietnam's ripples were able to move with particular force, more so than would have been possible a generation earlier. The affluence of the postwar years brought with it an optimism in which a major disappointment was likely to be especially keenly felt. The affluence—and, along with it, the absolute preeminence of large institutions in American life—made the population more mobile and much more suburban. As a result, the things that traditionally gave American life its center—religion, community, the extended family, and, as the years wore on, even marriage—all began to erode. Instead, the center became an idea about America. When events began to contradict the idea, suddenly there was nothing to fall back on.

So people like me assumed that the enterprise was not noble, rebelled against it for a time, and then joined it, not out of the sincere belief of our parents but because there was no other choice. That's why today, although we're better educated than they were, we vote less. It's why survey after survey shows us to feel no loyalty to our employers. It's why marriage and children scare us. There is no large example in our lives that shows us that connections like these produce anything but pain. So we stay loose and free and that way at least stave off being disappointed. How could anyone have actually believed in Vietnam? In a president? In the idea that the nation occupied some moral higher ground? Those who did certainly looked silly to us.

On the morning after the unsuccessful American raid on Iran in the spring of 1980, my editor at *The Washington Post* asked me to write a story about, as he put it, "how it feels." He didn't mean how it felt to me. He said it was a sad day for the flag and that I should try to find a way to convey some of that. So I went out and interviewed people standing in line for the White House tour, and made some phone calls, and did all the other

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things I was supposed to do, and when I sat down to write it, I couldn't. That had never happened to me before, and it felt terrible, but the fact was that I didn't know "how it feels" in anything close to the way I knew my editor meant it. The idea of an American defeat just didn't have any special resonance for me. The America I grew up with was always a loser.

When that is the way you are, how do you conduct your life? What happens next? I can answer that best by an analogy. Let's say you didn't believe in love. You knew that other people did, but you simply didn't. You could then go about your business accordingly, staying on the surface of things, avoiding deep involvements. This, in my analogy, would correspond to moving to New Hampshire or some similar locale that held the promise of escape from the passions of society; many of my contemporaries have done that. Or you could, to continue the analogy, decide to behave as if there were such a thing as love even though you didn't believe in it, just because that is how the world is organized and therefore doing so makes it easier to get along. By that I mean, in the larger sense, that you could get a respectable job, remain perfectly normal in outward appearance, and in that way keep your lack of belief a little secret all your own.

Or, finally, you could, rather than assume that love really existed, merely leave yourself open to it as a possibility and let it come along, if it did exist. For most people, after all, it does sooner or later. In that way, if love—or, to draw out the analogy again, patriotism or commitment or belief—came, it would hit you with the drama of a brand-new discovery, the way the discovery that fire is hot must hit a baby. The baby is too young to know intellectually or instinctively that fire is hot, so to him it is a wild revelation and one that does him a lot of good. People like me are no longer babies, but verities that might seem equally elementary strike us with that same force. Is it possible actually to care who is elected president? What the fate of our community will be? About our work? About love? About American hostages in Iran? To our great surprise, it is; and to our further surprise, caring deeply about those things lends to life a gravity and meaning that enriches it beyond measure. They must sound silly to older people, these little revelations of ours. They must make them think we're spoiled brats, as I know many of them think many of us are. But to us they provide the only moral course by which to live, and laughing at them is like laughing at the joy an accident victim feels after his first halting steps. □

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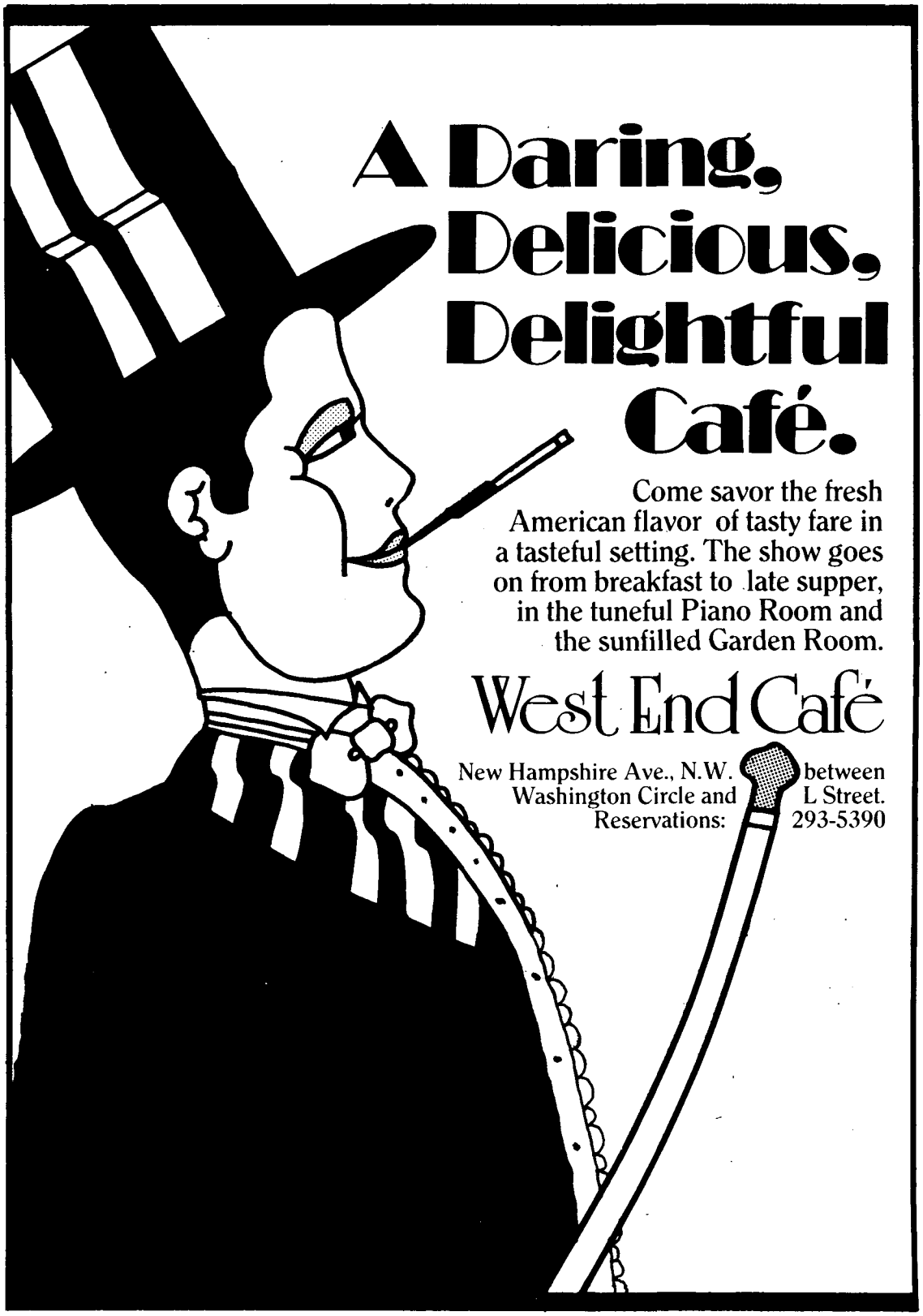

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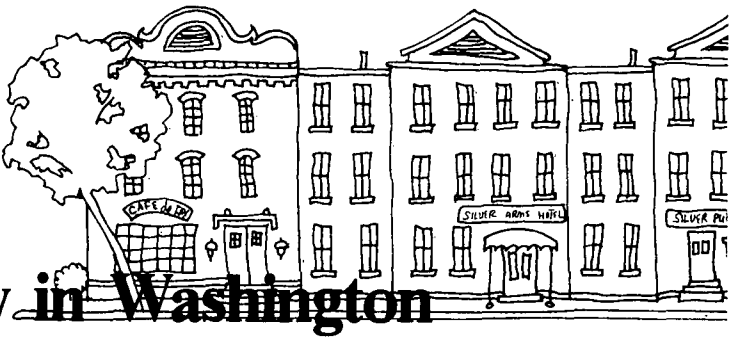

Where to Stay in Washington

Hotel Hill

Where Connecticut Avenue begins its steep climb through the northwest section of the city is a pleasant neighborhood of stately apartment buildings, small shops, restaurants, and, yes, four hotels. All are a short walk from the Dupont Circle Metro, which will take you to Capitol Hill, the Mall, and, starting last month, the National Zoo and points north. There's limousine service to National and Dulles airports from the Hilton, convenient to all the hotels. Take advantage of the neighborhood restaurants. Between the Dupont Circle area to the south and Adams-Morgan to the north, you can find French, Nepalese, Italian, Greek, Ethiopian, Spanish, Indian, Cuban, Chinese, Japanese, and Jamaican cooking, mostly at surprisingly reasonable prices.

Highland Hotel, 1914 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., (800) 424-2464, (202) 797-2000. Built in the early 1900s, the Highland retains the grand style of the original building—elaborate moldings and cornices, spacious rooms, and high ceilings. Singles, $60-$90; doubles, $76-$106; suites, $120-$140. There are also government, diplomatic, and group rates, and management stresses that rates are flexible, especially in the off-season. A third person in a room costs $10, but children under 14 and additional guests in a suite are free. All suites have sofa beds and separate bedrooms, and every room has a wet bar. A special weekend package will accommodate two people for two nights in a suite for $90. The small restaurant serves all three meals and provides full room service; **Riggles,** the lounge, serves drinks for $1.50 and free hors d'oeuvres from 4:30 to 6 every day. The one meeting room holds about 30 people.

Washington Hilton, 1919 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., (202) 483-3000. If you're in town for a convention, there's a good chance it will be here. This Hilton (don't confuse it with the Capitol Hilton downtown) is Washington's largest hotel: 1,165 rooms and a ballroom that can hold 4,000 people make it a convention committee's paradise. In the lobby are three restaurants, a drugstore, beauty salon, florist, jeweler, and a branch of Garfinckel's, one of the city's classier department stores. Outdoors are clay tennis courts (at $12 an hour), a swimming pool, and a jogging course. The Racquet Club has an exercise room and sauna. Singles, $60-$105; doubles, $78-$115; suites, $198-$750. Towers rooms—on the top two floors—include a continental breakfast, turndown service, and afternoon tea. Children are free in the same room with parents, regardless of age; an extra person in a room is $18. You pay $105, $115, or $125 depending on size and view. Parking is $5 a night. A weekend package is available for $101, single, and $67 per person, double. The 33 meeting rooms can accommodate groups of every imaginable size. Restaurants: **Ashby's** serves expensive continental/American food; **The Colonials** is a moderately priced coffee shop, and **The Gazebo** serves light fare outdoors on the terrace during the warm months.

Holiday Inn, 1900 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., (800) 238-8000, (202) 332-9300. This is your basic Holiday Inn, but if you have Abscamery on your mind, it is clearly the place to stay—every room has a small safe. Singles, $57-$66; doubles, $65-$74; king leisures (king-sized beds plus sitting area), $66 for a single, $74 for a double. Children 12 and under stay for free in the same room with parents; an extra person in a room is $8. There's complimentary parking for guests, and Coke and ice machines on every floor. **Pipers,** the hotel's restaurant, provides full room service and serves three moderately priced meals a day.

Normandy Inn, 2118 Wyoming Avenue, N.W., (202) 483-1350. The Normandy is tucked away among apartment buildings, embassies, and private homes just off Connecticut Avenue. With only 77 rooms, it's quiet and private. There are few extras here: the rooms are modestly furnished and small; there's no restaurant, although a continental breakfast is provided, and some of the guest rooms have refrigerators. Singles, $55; doubles, $65; suites, $150. Weekend, weekly, monthly, and government rates are available. Children under 12 can stay for free; parking is $4 a night.

—Donna Fenn

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WHY MOTHERS SHOULD STAY HOME

by Deborah Fallows

About 18 months ago, when our first son was three years old and our second was about to be born, I decided to stop working and stay at home with our children. At the time, I wrote an article about the myth of the superwoman, saying that contrary to the prevailing notion of the day, it was not possible to be both a full-time career woman and a full-fledged mother. I said that while everyone recognizes the costs a stay-at-home mother pays in terms of power, prestige, money, and advancement in traditional careers, we are not always aware of or do not so readily admit what a full-time working woman loses and gives up in terms of mothering.

I've been at home with our children for almost a year and a half now, and I've learned a number of things about my choice. My convictions about the importance of mothering, which were based more on intuition than experience at the time, run even deeper and stronger. Nothing means more to me now than the hours I spend with my children, but I find myself coping with a problem I hadn't fully foreseen. It is the task of regearing my life, of learning to live as a full-time mother without a professional career but still with many of the interests and ambitions that I had before I had children. And this is the hard part. It means unraveling those long-held life plans for a certain kind of career and deciding which elements are possible to keep and which I must discard. Perhaps even more important, it means changing the way I've been taught to think about myself and value the progress of my life.

Deborah Fallows left her full-time job in linguistics when her second son was born.

My mother became a mother in 1946; she had gone to college, studied music, and worked for a year at her father's office. Then she married and had my sister by the time she was 22. She wasn't expected to have a career outside the home, and she didn't. When I was growing up, the only mothers who worked were those who, as we whispered, "had to." Even the high school teachers, who we recognized probably weren't doing it just for the money, were slightly suspect.

But between my mother's time and our own, the climate of opportunity and expectations for women started to change. Betty Friedan and *The Feminine Mystique* came between all of those mothers and all of us daughters. The small town in northern Ohio where I grew up was not exactly a hotbed of feminist activity, but even there the signals for young women were changing in the mid-sixties. We were raised with a curious mixture of hope of becoming homecoming queen and pressure to run for student council president. When I was 11, the mothers in our neighborhood bundled off their awkward, preadolescent daughters to Saturday morning charm classes, where we learned how to walk on a straight line, one foot directly in front of the other, and the proper way to don a coat. We all felt a little funny and humiliated, but we didn't say anything. By the time we were 17, we were May Queens, princesses, head drum majorettes, and cheerleaders, but we were also class valedictorians, editors of the school paper and yearbook, student directors of the school band, and candidates for six-year medical programs, Seven Sisters colleges, and honors programs at the Big Ten universities. I admit with some embarrassment that my two

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most thrilling moments in high school were being chosen for the homecoming court and being named first-chair trumpet in the concert band.

This was the way we were supposed to achieve—to be both beautiful and brilliant, charming and accomplished. It was one step beyond what our mothers did: we were aiming to be class presidents, not class secretaries; for medical school, not nursing school; we were building careers, not just jobs to tide us over before we landed husbands and started raising babies.

When I made my decision to stop working and stay home with our children, it was with a mixture of feelings. Part was defiance of the background I've just described—how could feminism dare tell me that I couldn't choose, with *pride,* motherhood alone? Part was anxiety—how could I keep some grasp on my extra-mothering self, on the things I had really enjoyed doing before I had children? I didn't want to become what the world kept telling me housewives are—ladies whose interests are confined to soap operas and the laundry. Certainly I knew from my own mother and from other women who had spent their middle years as full-time mothers that it was possible to be a thoughtful and sensitive person and still be a mother. But I didn't know how, and I didn't know where to turn to ask. Even my mother didn't have the answers. She was surprised when I told her I wanted to stop working and stay home with my kids. "You young women seem to handle everything so easily, so smoothly," she told me. "I never knew you were so torn between being a mother and being a professional."

The arrival of children in a woman's late twenties or early thirties can be handy, of course, because it means you can finish your education and start a career before taking "time out" to start your family. But it's also awkward.

At my tenth college reunion last June, I found that many of my friends had just become partner or vice-president of one thing or another, doctor-in-charge of some ward, tenured professor, editor-in-chief, and so forth. In these moments, I feel as if everyone is growing up around me. My reactions, though human, are not altogether pretty. I feel sorry for myself—there but for two small children go I. I feel frustrated in being passed over for things I know I could handle as well as or better than the next person. I feel anxious, wondering if I am going to "lose my touch," get rusty, boring, old, trivial too quickly. And I am afraid that in putting aside my professional ambitions just now, I may be putting aside forever the chance to attain the levels I once set for myself.

All of us, I think, spend time once in a while pondering the "what ifs" of our lives, and we all experience momentary pangs of self-pity over the course we've taken. I know I'm not an exception to this, but I also know that when I add up the pluses and minuses my choice was right for me, and it might be right for other women.

The Importance of 'Quantity' Time

The first adjustment on that first morning that I dressed for motherhood rather than for success was to believe intellectually in what I felt emotionally: that it was as important, as worthy for me to spend my time with my small children as to study, do research, try cases, or invest a bank's money. Furthermore, I had to believe it was worth it to the children to have me—not someone else—there most of the time. There are a thousand small instances I have witnessed over the past year and a half that illustrate this feeling. One that stays in my mind happened last summer.

I had just dropped off our older son at the morning play camp at the neighborhood school. I was about to drive off when a little boy about eight years old burst out of the school and ran down the front steps in tears. His mother was on her way down the walk and of course she saw him. She led him over to the steps, took his hands in hers, looked him directly in the eyes, and talked with him softly but deliberately for a few minutes, calming him down so he could go back inside happily and she could go on her way. What I recognized in that instant was something I'd been trying to put my finger on for months. I'd witnessed dozens of similar events, when a child was simply overwhelmed by something, and I knew there was a difference—a distinct difference in the way parents respond at such moments from the way I had seen babysitters or maids act, however loving and competent they may have been. Parents seem to have some combination of self-assurance, completeness, deliberateness, and consistency. If that boy had been my son, I would have wanted to be with him, too.

Perhaps this one episode was no more important than the many reprimands or comforts I give my children during the day. But the more I'm around my children, the more such instances I happen to see and deal with. Perhaps a thousand of these episodes add up to the values and security I want to give my children.

I spend a lot of time with my children at playgrounds. We often go out on nice afternoons

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when our older son gets home from school, sampling new ones or returning to old favorites. I particularly like playgrounds because of the balance they afford: they encourage the kids to strike out on their own but let me be there as a fallback. I've watched my older son in his share of small fistfights and scuffles, and I have been able to let him fight without intervening. He knows I'm there and runs back as often for protection as for nice things like a "Mom, see what I can do." Or our younger son toddles toward the big slide and needs me to follow him up and hold him as we slide down together. After so many hours, we've developed a style of play. I think my children know what to expect of me and I have learned their limits. I've watched the styles of many mothers and children, and you often can see, after a time, a microcosm of their lives together. I've also seen plenty of children there with full-time maids. The maids have their own styles, which usually are different from the mothers'. I've never seen a maid slide down a slide with her small charge, but I have seen plenty scold children for climbing too high on the jungle gym, and I've seen plenty step in to stop the sandfights before anyone gets dirty or hurt. There's a reason for this, of course: a maid has a lot to explain if a youngster arrives home with a bloody nose, but a mother doesn't. Sometimes, I think, the nose is worth the lesson learned from it, yet that is something only a parent—not a maid or babysitter—can take the responsibility to decide.

I have to be around my children—a lot. I have to know them as well as I possibly can and see them in as many different environments and moods as possible in order to know best how to help them grow up, by comforting them, letting them alone, disciplining and enjoying them. What I need with them is time—in quantity, not quality.

It has taken me a few years to realize I have very high standards for my role as a mother. I don't have to be a supermom who makes my children's clothes (I really can't sew), who does all the volunteer work at school (I do my share), or who cooks gourmet meals (we eat a lot of hamburgers). But I have to be around my children—a lot. I have to know them as well as I possibly can and see them in as many different environments and moods as possible in order to know best how to help them grow up—by comforting them, letting them alone, disciplining and enjoying them, being dependable but not stifling. What I need with them is time—in quantity, not quality.

I'm not talking about being with my children every minute of the day. From the time they were several months old, we sent them out for short periods to the favorite neighborhood babysitter's. By the time he was two and a half, our older son was in a co-op nursery school (my husband and I would take turns doing parent duty for the 17 kids); now he's in pre-kindergarten for a full school day. These periods away from me are clearly important for my sanity, as well as for my children's socialization, their development of trust in people, and their ability to experience other ways of living. But there is a big difference between using childcare from 8 to 6, Monday through Friday, and using a babysitter or a nursery school three mornings a week.

I realize that not everyone enjoys the luxury of choice. Some of my female friends work because it's the only way to make ends meet. But I think a lot of people pretend they have less room for choice than they really do. For some women, the reason may be the feeling—which is widespread among men—that their dignity and success are related to how much money they earn. For others, there is a sense of independence that comes with earning money that is hard to give up. (I know that I felt freer to buy things, especially for myself, or spend money on babysitters when I was contributing to the family income.) And still others define "necessities" in an expensive way: I've heard more than one woman say she "has to work" to keep up payments on the second house. Such a woman is the parallel to the government appointee who "has to resign" from his post to return to his former profession because he "can no longer afford government service."

Even though some women do have a choice, I am not suggesting that all the responsibility for home and children should lie with the mother. While my husband and I are an example of a more traditional family, with a breadwinning father, a full-time mother, and two children, he

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shares with me many of the family reponsibilities: night-tending, diapering, bathing, cooking, and playtime. A woman's decision to stay home or work is, at worst, a decision made by herself and, at best, a decision made with her spouse.

But with all these qualifications noted, I still know that my own choice is to stay with my children. Why does this seem to be at odds with the climate of the times, especially among certain feminists? I think it is because of a confused sense of ambition—based, in turn, on a mistaken understanding of what being a housewife or mother actually means.

Runny Noses Over Greasy Poles

While the world's idea of the comparative importance of career and motherhood may have changed a good deal since my mother's time, the general understanding of what motherhood means for those who choose it has not changed or advanced. And that may be the real problem for many women of my generation: who can blame them for shying away from a commitment to full-time motherhood if they're told, despite raising children, that motherhood is a vapid life of chores, routines, and TV? I couldn't stand motherhood myself if that were true. One of my many discoveries as a mother is that motherhood requires not the renunciation of my former ambitions but rather their refinement.

Even for those who intend to rush straight back to work, motherhood involves some interruption in the normal career plan. Separating people, even temporarily, from their professional identities, can help them see the difference between the ambition to *be*—to have an impressive job title to drop at cocktail parties—and the ambition to *do* specific things that seem satisfying and rewarding. The ambition to be is often a casualty of motherhood; the ambition to do need not be.

I see many of my friends intensely driven to keep doing things, to keep involved in their former interests, or to develop entirely new ones that they can learn from and grow with. In the free time they manage to set aside—thanks to babysitters, co-op babycare, naptimes, grandmothers' help, and husbands like mine who spend a lot of time with the children—they are thinking and doing.

Women I have talked to have described how, after some months or years of settling into motherhood, their sense of what work is worth, and what they're looking for in work, has greatly changed. They are less tolerant, more selective, more demanding in what they do. One woman said that before she had children she would focus on a "cause," and was willing to do just about anything as her job toward that cause. Now she's still interested in advancing the cause, but she has no patience for busywork. In the limited time she can spare from her family, she wants to do things that really count, work in areas where her efforts make a difference. I'm not suggesting narcissism here but a clearer focus on a search for some long-range goal, some tangible accomplishment, a feeling so necessary during the season of child-raising when survival from one end of the day to the other is often the only achievement.

Each one's search is different, depending on factors like her husband's job (if she has a husband) and the extent of his role as a caretaker, her children's needs, her family's financial situation, and her personal lifestyle.

One of my friends had taught English in public high schools for the last ten years. She was the kind of teacher you remember fondly from your own childhood and hope your kids are lucky enough to have because she's dedicated, demanding, and creative. She expanded her subject to include other humanities, keeping herself several steps ahead of her students by reading and studying on her own, traveling to see museums and exhibits firsthand, collecting slides and books as she goes. She has a new baby daughter now and has stopped working to stay home with her child. She's decided to go back to school next fall, taking one or two courses at a time, to pursue a master's in fine arts—a chance to study formally what she's mostly taught herself and to return to her job someday with an even better background and more ideas for her teaching.

Going to school can be perfect for new mothers, as many in my own mother's generation found. It requires very little time away from home, which means cutting down on time away from the children as well as on child-care costs. It can be cheap, as with my friend, who can attend a virtually tuition-free state university. You can pace your work to suit demands at home by carefully choosing the number of courses you take and the type of work required. And it's physically easy but intellectually challenging—the complement to the other demands of the early years of mothering.

Other mothers I know do different things with their time. One friend, formerly a practicing lawyer and now a full-time mother, volunteers some of her time to advising the League of Women Voters on legal matters. Another, formerly a producer at a big radio station, now produces her own shows, albeit at a slower pace. A third quit

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her job to raise her daughter but spends a lot of time on artistic projects, which she sells.

But if there's no real blueprint for what a modern mother should be, you wouldn't know it from what comes through in the media. On the *Today Show* last summer, for instance, Jane Pauley interviewed Felice Schwartz, the president of Catalyst, an organization that promotes career development for women. They were discussing women's changing lifestyles. Ms. Schwartz said that now women are going back to work full-time four months after having children, while 15 years ago they were taking 20 years off to have them. "Isn't that fantastic progress?" she said. Fantastic it certainly is; progress it is not, except toward the narrowest and least generous notion of what achievement means for women or for humanity. Progress such as this is a step not toward "liberation" but toward the enslavement to career that has been the least attractive aspect of masculine success.

What it is really like to be a mother today seems to be a secret that's kept from even my contemporaries who may be considering motherhood themselves. At a dinner recently, I sat near a young woman about my age, a New York television producer and recently anointed White House fellow. She and my husband and I were having a conversation about bureaucracy and what she found new or interesting or surprising about it in her new position. After several minutes, she turned away from my husband to me directly and said, "And how old are your children, Debbie?" It wasn't the question—not at all—but the tone that was revealing, the unattractive, condescending tone I've heard many older people use with youngsters, or doctors with patients. If I'd had her pegged as a fast-track super-achiever, she had me pegged as little mother and lady of the house.

Hurt and anger were the wrong feelings at a moment like that, although I felt them. Instead, I should have felt sorry for her, not because of her own choice but because she had no sense that a choice exists—waiting to be made by women like her and like me. The choice is *not* to be either a career woman or a dumb housewife. The issue is one that she, a woman at the age when careers take off and childbearing ability nears its eleventh hour, should be sensitive to and think about. □

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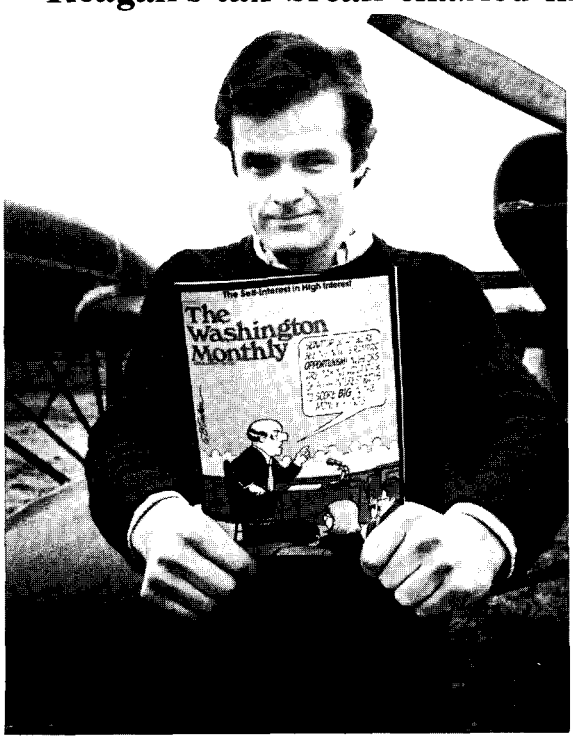

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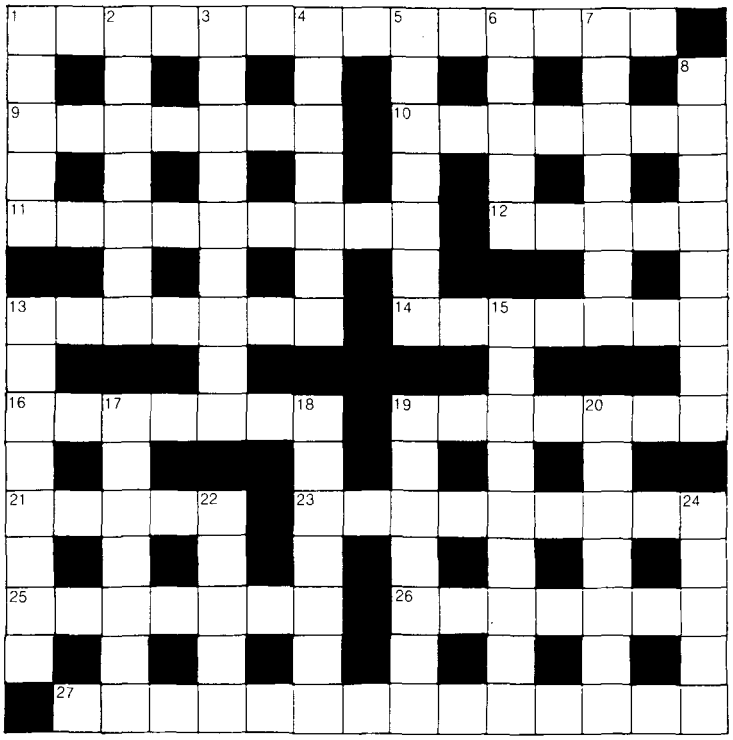
The Political Puzzle

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word.



ACROSS

1. Right to walk? (14)
9. Raw spud cooked higher. (7)
10. Find him last in 1928 contest. (2,5)
11. Stage performances confuse their cast. (9)
12. Out for lack of metal? (3,2)
13. Discharge Mike as arsonist? (7)
14. Steer it around Adriatic territory. (7)
16. Strange rawness after interrogations. (7)
19. Lack of assets at low levels confused very top. (7)
21. Hemingway's first was *Birds*, almost. (5)
23. Desires madly nine grays. (9)
25. Turn hut around for perjury. (7)
26. Condescend? Not Gide! (5,2)
27. Capital assignment for newspaper? (10,4)

DOWN

1. Seek favors from judges? (5)
2. Rene way out of shape after Christmas. (3,4)
3. Ban turtle bizarrely to record support. (9)
4. Experiment in process demonstrates tingle effect. (7)
5. Surveyor's instrument isn't art composition. (7)
6. No hit sign up for actor's first. (5)
7. Pilots maneuver via East. (7)
8. Carry risk on railway for foreign office. (8)
13. Jet mishap created team foul. (5-3)
15. Born of necessity? (9)
17. Artisan made into long-lasting performer. (7)
18. Why sane groupings call a halt. (3,4)
19. For praise, put gradual ending up in pit. (7)
20. No train involved in collision. (3,4)
22. Odd Houston no-no near Gulf of Mexico. (5)
24. Stop or bread. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:

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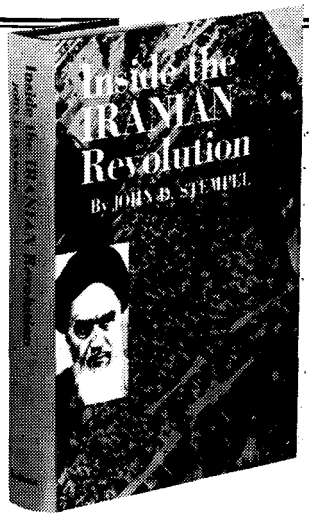

Inside the Iranian Revolution

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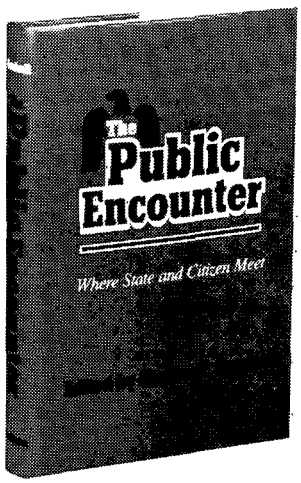

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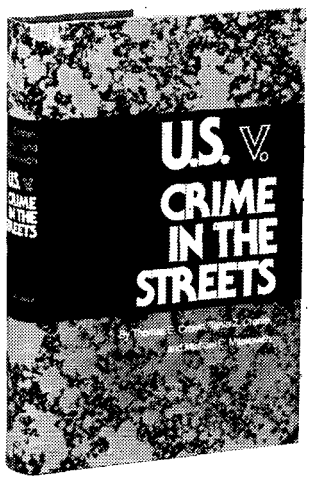

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By Thomas E. Cronin, Tania Z. Cronin, and Michael E. Milakovich

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Political Booknotes

The Administrative Behavior of Federal Bureau Chiefs. *Herbert Kaufman. The Brookings Institution, $8.95.* Kaufman's study is like Reggie Jackson's playing in the recent World Series: in the same game he tried to catch an easy outfield fly with his elbow and then made amends by hitting a home run his next time at bat. The first part of the book, a catalog of the doings of the chiefs of six agencies varying in size and function, has all the excitement of an extended job description. His amalgam of chiefs (Internal Revenue Service, U.S. Customs Service, Food and Drug Administration, Social Security Administration, U.S. Forest Service, and Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service) spent approximately no time deciding things, ten to 20 percent of their time motivating their worker bees, 70 to 90 percent of their time representing their bureaus in public and congressional appearances, and trying to keep up with the flow of information seeping up from below.

But things pick up smartly when Kaufman tackles the question of how much power an agency chief really has. The answer is, not much. He is hemmed in by congressional subcommittees, special interests, and, most important, by his own employees, who are far more committed to continuity of the bureau's work than to any particular chief. The more professional an organization, particularly if that "professionalism" has been calcified by civil service, the more difficult it is for a manager—usually regarded by the staff as a generalist—to manipulate it.

Indeed, Kaufman has to strain to find an example of a chief who *does* have influence on his agency. He finally comes up with Customs Service commissioner Robert Chasen, who introduced "management by objective" to his bureau. That's a little like saying a manager's greatest contribution was to introduce bookkeeping.

—Leonard Reed

Congressional Spending. *Dennis S. Ippolito. Cornell, $22.50/$7.95.*

Controlling Hospital Costs: The Role of Government Regulation. *Paul L. Joskow. MIT, $25.*

Defense or Delusion? America's Military in the 1980s. *Thomas H. Etzold. Harper and Row, $15.*

The Dilemmas of Presidential Leadership: Of Caretakers and Kings. *Frank Kessler. Prentice-Hall, $11.95.* Is the president the nation's ultimate problem-solver, or is he a prisoner of the "uncontrollable" budget, the bureaucrats, the Congress, and single-issue interest groups? Kessler somehow has the stomach to bat around this tired question yet again. Surprisingly, he comes up with some new insights. For example: History tends to award the lowest marks to those presidents who demonstrated the most respect for constitutional checks and balances. The "better" presidents like Lincoln and Truman stretched the document by finding, for instance, new uses for executive orders.

Kessler adds a lucid explanation of the budget process, a discussion of the way young White House staff members filter dissent, and a description of a phenomenon scholars of the presidency often ignore—the emergence of an "imperial press."

—Pat Martin

FDR: A Centenary Remembrance. *Joseph Alsop. Viking, $25.* This is not the Joseph Alsop who fell into hideous error during the sixties, constantly propagandizing for escalation in Vietnam with his absurd collection of "captured enemy documents." Rather, it is the Joseph Alsop who was one of the great journalists of the thirties, forties, and fifties, telling a story he knows well, with high skill and with a humanity that few of us have reason to suspect is part of his nature. This is a brilliant book, a true joy to read, and it captures the essence of FDR better than anything I've ever read.

—Charles Peters

George Meany and His Times. *Archie Robinson. Simon & Schuster, $18.75.* You can still find John L. Lewis's picture hanging in many a miner's home, next to JFK, FDR, and Christ, but I'd be surprised to encounter a likeness of George Meany on any American worker's wall. For all his faults, Lewis gave the labor movement a sense of purpose it hasn't achieved since. But when George Meany retired in 1979 after 60 years in officialdom—the last 24 as AFL-CIO president—he left a movement desperately in need of direction. The AFL-CIO represented only 20 percent of the work force, a marked drop from its high mark of nearly 35 percent in the 1950s. It was generally unable to organize, indifferent to internal corruption, hostile to rank-and-file reformers, flaccid about protecting workers against job hazards, incapable of confronting the plethora of corporate mergers transforming our economy and politics, and pathetically short of creative ideas. Meany certainly doesn't deserve all of the blame—but he deserves his share, and because he presided so long and so inflexibly, his share was large.

That's not the George Meany you'll meet in this sorry exercise in hagiography by a reporter who spent 37 years covering Meany for *The Detroit News* and *U.S. News and World Report.* What is here, for the most part, is a collection of transcribed automemorabilia—Meany on Meany on Memorex—accompanied by glutenous chunks of narrative. The only readily gleanable insight is one that Robinson would not want gleaned: Meany was easy copy for reporters because he talked a lot and was gruff and outspoken, but a heavy thinker he wasn't. This book might thus have some value in teaching students why the labor movement sank so far so fast under Meany's care. But a reader who tackles it without an understanding of what *really* happened will come away grossly misinformed. If the publishing industry were subject to recalls for defective workmanship, Simon and Schuster would have to rebuild this one from absolute scratch.

—Thomas N. Bethell

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Human Rights and United States Policy Toward Latin America. *Lars Schoultz. Princeton, $32.50/$7.95.*

The Illusion of Presidential Government. *Hugh Heclo, Lester M. Salamon, eds. Westview, $32.50/$11.50.*

The Leader. *Michael Maccoby. Simon & Schuster, $12.95.* Maccoby, a pioneer in corporate anthropology—in 1976 he wrote *The Gamesman*—contends that ERA, affirmative action, and our litigious tendencies have resulted in an age of individual rights that requires a smoother, more participative form of leadership than that provided by the company men, jungle fighters, and gamesmen described in Maccoby's first book. Using questionnaires, Rorschach pictures, and interviews, he examines six prototypes of the new technique: a foreman, a union vice-president, a plant manager, a chief executive officer, a flaky assistant secretary, and an obscure New York congressman. Real names are used, and the subject's Rorschachian underwear is hung out for view. My favorite, from *The Gamesman*, is the Rorschach response of "poodles, earthworms, and dissected testicles," from which it is inferred that the respondent is servile.

—Bob Lane

Media: The Second God. *Tony Schwartz. Random House, $13.50.* Tony Schwartz once spent an entire month producing a 60-second Coke commercial. I wonder whether he spent that much time on this book.

Schwartz is a bona fide "media guru" (as Marshall McLuhan calls him) who has produced commercials for 400 corporations and organizations, and campaign spots for two presidents and hundreds of other candidates. But ignore the flap copy about this being a "provocative state-of-the-art expose."

—Michael Hiestand

The Money Lenders. *Anthony Sampson. Viking, $16.95.* One senses the world financial system is a catastrophe waiting to happen. The signs seem obvious: fast, aggressive lending, support of shaky

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regimes, collusion, shortsightedness.

But here, as in his two best-selling exposes of the weapons industry (*The Arms Bazaar*) and the oil companies (*The Seven Sisters*), Sampson tells us not to worry—things haven't changed much. From their earliest days, banks were underwriting kings and wars, their home nations' policies be damned. (Barings of Britain lent Thomas Jefferson $15 million during the Napoleonic Wars to make the Louisiana Purchase.)

Sampson points out that Arab investors, once the boogie men of the West, are no longer much cause for nightmares. During the Iranian hostage crisis, the Arabs realized how easily the U.S. government could freeze supposedly untouchable assets held in American branch banks. "Today Beverly Hills, tomorrow . . ." isn't much of a problem any more.

—Larry Mahl

Public Duties: The Moral Obligation of Government Officials. *Joel L. Fleishman et al., eds. Harvard, $22.50.* This is a collection of twelve essays on ethics in government ranging from theoretical (though, thankfully, not legalistic) discussion of "integrity" and "the public interest" to more practical analyses of whistleblowing and the private lives of public figures. Surprisingly, the theoretical sections—and even the practical chapters include some airy discourse—work better than the tired old illustrations that always get trotted out in anthologies of this kind.

If you can get through plodding writing and references to politicians as "ethical actors," there are some interesting variations on the issue of why, as Joel Fleishman puts it, "doing right in politics so often conflicts with doing well." The problem is that Fleishman and company tackle this point in predictable ways: Elected officials should act more often against their own self-interest; whistleblowers come in all shapes and sizes; assigning moral responsibility in the case of New York's financial collapse is complex. There is nothing here to make you sit up and think about these issues differently.

In other words, asking the right questions—which this collection does—isn't enough. One of the great failures of both political science and ethics is that they often frame each issue with a structured comprehensiveness that relegates bold ideas (if there are any) to the status of mere "factors." The result is the kind of sensible but risk-free formulation found in this book.

—Jonathan Alter

Rickover. *Norman Polmar, Thomas B. Allen. Simon & Schuster, $20.*

Strategies of Containment: A Critical Appraisal of Postwar American National Security Policy. *John Lewis Gaddis. Oxford, $25.*

The Superpowers and Regional Tensions: The USSR, the United States, and Europe. *William E. Griffith. Lexington, $18.95.*

What's Fair?: American Beliefs About Distributive Justice. *Jennifer L. Hochschild. Harvard, $22.50.*

Women, Race, and Class. *Angela Y. Davis. Random House, $13.50.*

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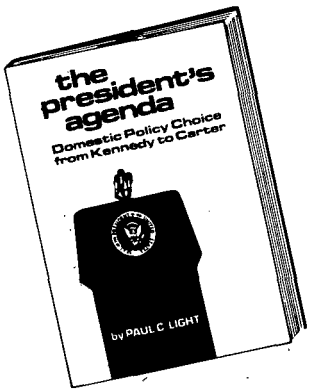

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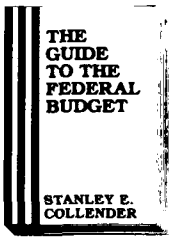

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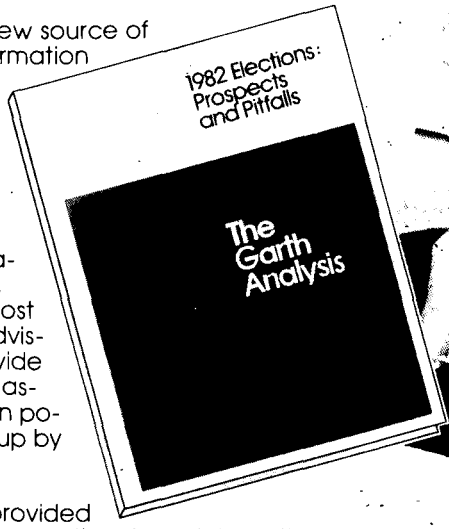

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